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THE

CORNHILL

MAGAZINE

1921.

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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY LEONARD HUXLEY.

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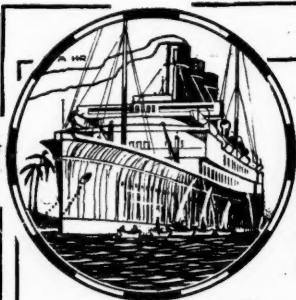
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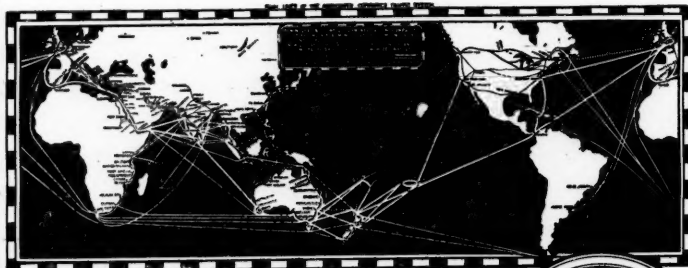


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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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THE GREEN MOTH.

BY G. E. MITTON AND J. GEORGE SCOTT.

CHAPTER XII (*continued*).

THE LADY OF THE DREAM.

THEY soon sped off in the direction of the river wharf, where lay the beautiful steam launch that Marjoram had placed there for convenience in visiting his possessions up and down stream.

This launch had a fine cabin, and was equipped with every appointment and convenience money and ingenuity could secure. Stores were kept constantly on board; the serang and fireman were always on duty, ready to proceed night or day, and there was no need for the owner to take so much as a suit-case with him.

As the car sped along swiftly between the deserted houses, and out on to the silent roads, moist before the dawn, Marjoram's mind played ahead on the great triumph that would be his. Fate had given him the game, never before had lover been so fortunately placed! He was without nerves, and had that sort of reckless physical courage that comes from living a life in every quarter of the globe bent on his own interests and heedless of others.

Once he had had some idea of kidnapping this girl on his own account, and behold these obliging Chinamen, who certainly had no reason to love him, had done it for him and given him the magnificent rôle of rescuer! The whole thing was grotesque. He had spoiled several of the Chinamen's little games to 'get rich-quick,' for by reason of his unique inheritance from old Min King he had been able to play with their own weapons. He had inside knowledge, usually guarded from Europeans with deadly secrecy. They who hated him were doing him service!

As a conquering hero and not otherwise would he appear before the lady of his dream! How could she but admire the splendid figure he would cut? Her coyness had, after all, been but the

natural defence of a maiden who was not certain of his intentions ; even that had melted to some extent the last time he met her, two nights ago, at Thornthwaite's dinner. The fact that she had cleverly found means to send to him, before all others, in her peril, showed that she was his for the asking. He would fulfil all that the most romantic girl could demand, and then carry her off while she was still warm with admiration of his prowess.

At this point he could hardly refrain from standing up and shouting aloud. He was as eager as a boy. He who had been so long callous, that he feared he should never feel as other men said they felt ! Nothing could stand in his way, no difficulty should be too great. Then there would be the triumphant finale. The launch would be waiting on the river. Thither would he carry Darya, away they would go together up the mighty stream into the heart of jungle land. He had always promised himself he would do this some day when he had the time, but never had his imagination risen to the chance of such companionship ! Together they would sit watching by moonlight when the wild beasts stole down to the water to drink. Arms interlocked, they would gaze at the vast ramparts of the heights that hemmed them in as they glided silently below. Landing, they would slip through the jungle paths and themselves be slayers. They would take the two-stringed fiddler with them, and Darya would learn to be as much stirred by the wild music of the chords as he was himself. Such music was not for all, but only for those who lived above the level of their fellows, like the Marits of the old Arabian chroniclers. Darya was as wild as he ; she would revel in this glorious care-free existence, and the joy of adventure. Was there ever a prospect of so perfect a mating ? A honeymoon ! Honeymoon—the word made him smile—well, honeymoon it should be, and if she wished to go through the marriage ceremony when they returned, there should be nothing to prevent it.

Then he tumbled to earth—suppose he should be too late ?

They were close to the landing-stage now, and he was out of the car before it stopped, which was far below the point where Shwe Pu had taken Darya on board the Burmese boat.

Ramaswamy scuttled down the bank, to wake the men on board, a feat which needed some doing ; but they were aroused at last, and Marjoram impatiently waited while they made ready to steam upstream according to his orders. The boy and the two-stringed fiddler came with him : the chauffeur had to take back the car.

At last they got away and passed onward to the adventure.

Marjoram knew the place where the hills came down to the water, but he had no idea what was meant by the lightning-struck tree. He had never heard of any landing-place in this desolate piece of country, but there were few places where a small launch could not be beached. Then he remembered the two-stringed fiddler and turned to him, saying satirically, 'Of course you have never seen or heard of a lightning-struck cotton-tree, but there is one on the far bank. Look out for it and pass it at your peril.'

So an hour later they discovered it, as the light of day showed up the grey river mist, and the riven trunk rising gauntly out of it.

Before landing, while yet the launch was some feet from the shore, Marjoram turned to give orders. He impressed upon the serang that he and the other man were to remain on board and not set foot on land; that they were to keep full steam up; that they were to take orders from no one until he came himself in person, and when he came they were to be off upstream with the least possible loss of time. Ramaswamy, he said, was to accompany him, and he gave him a great thick stick with a weighted end as a weapon; the fiddler—he turned—the fiddler had vanished! No one had seen him go, and he would not have been heard if he had jumped on to the earthy bank a few feet off.

Marjoram's lips tightened. Now he *knew*; the sinister apprehension which had tried to find entrance to his mind had become a certainty. This plot was against him and not against Darya. She was but the goat made to bleat to attract the tiger. No matter; it was too late now to regret that he had not at least one trusty European at his back.

The light was growing every minute as he forced his way up the bank between the dew-laden plants and shrubs, and as he came out he saw, as he had expected, there was only one narrow track leading away from the river; there is never a superfluity of ways in such country.

The morning air was fresh and rather clammy as he strode ahead, his giant stature eclipsing Ramaswamy, who hurried after him. Thus they went for about half an hour. This had brought them to the foot of one of the great detached pieces of rock that arise precipitously in the midst of the plain. It ought to be about here that the cave entrance lay. Marjoram considered the track steadfastly; one branch passed up the slope, the other wended onward. As he stared at each in turn something on the upper track caught his eye, and picking it up he saw it was the beautiful

little green jade moth he had given Darya. It was a good omen indeed! Had she left it for him on purpose she could not have done better. Fastening it in his shirt front he went upward more confidently.

Presently he reached the cave mouth. There was no sign of a fire now, all was dark and silent. Turning on the strong electric lamp he carried, Marjoram looked in. Instantly there arose a shrieking, screaming hullabaloo. Tens of thousands of bats, which had winged their way homeward after a hunting night, had barely settled before an agonising glare, similar to that from which they had suffered the evening before, again assailed them. They circled and interlaced and manœuvred under the recesses of the roof, giddily. They were like an enormous swarm of bees, or some thick fluid with brown lumps tremendously agitated. The air was foul with the smell of them.

Marjoram stood by the threshold and turned his lamp into every part that he could see. He noticed the dead black fire in the midst. He then went slowly and carefully round the cave, throwing his light on any possible chink of concealment, until he had satisfied himself no one was there. In the course of this proceeding he noticed the upward slant into the inner cave. This must be the one of which Darya had spoken! With his heart beating high with excitement, at last he climbed up the loose rubble which bore the marks of many such sliding climbers, and as he did so he looked behind and discovered that Ramaswamy had disappeared. His fears had been too much for him! With a resolution to make him regret it till his dying day, Marjoram stepped into the second cave. Immediately he saw a pile of rugs with a white object lying on them. Still wary, he kept a sharp look-out as he picked up the latter. It was one of Darya's handkerchiefs with her name marked in full. He thrust it into his breast, then examined this much smaller cave with his lamp as he had done the outer one. After that he stood very still and listened; the bats were wheeling and screaming, but they were quieting down, and there was no other sound.

So he advanced to the far end of the cavern, where, as he expected, behind a flat projecting slab of rock which jutted out almost like a screen, there was a further opening. He fancied that from this came some faint movement. So turning off his own light he crept up to it very silently and cautiously, until he turned the angle, and could see right through the opening.

What he saw was so amazing that for the moment he could hardly believe his eyes. This third cave was in darkness, except for a faint reflection from the far end. The source of the light was invisible, but it fell as an arc-light might fall from the wings on to the stage of a theatre. And the stage standing out, thus brilliantly illuminated, on the other side of the dark space was peopled by two or three Chinamen, with Darya in their midst!

She was unmistakable, because the rays fell upon her as unerringly as upon the heroine who wanders in a snow-storm in melodrama. She was stretching out her arms in Marjoram's direction, and during the second or two in which he stood as if turned to stone, he heard her cry 'Go back, go back. Take care!' Then the Chinaman standing on each side of her seized her arms and hustled her off.

Marjoram forgot the necessity for caution, forgot everything except the sight that maddened him, and with a roar like a tiger, he hurled himself across the intervening space. His third leap landed on nothing. He fell into some deep crevasse which the dimness had made invisible. At that very instant something like a flash of lightning played upon him. Then he cannoned from one hard angle of rock to another, landing finally some twenty feet below with a dull thud, so that he lost consciousness.

That morning, only half an hour before, Darya had been awakened by the Chinaman, Wang, who had told her to get up, and had then hustled her along to the opening through which Ah Su had appeared the night before like a gigantic green moth. She had immediately guessed that her note had reached Thornthwaite safely, and that the Chinamen had had a warning that he was on the way, and were carrying her off to hide her more securely. Knowing that she stood no chance against them in a personal struggle, she made no resistance, but had the happy idea of dropping her handkerchief as a clue for the Deputy Commissioner if he ever got so far. She managed, as she thought, to carry out her plan without Wang noticing it. As a matter of fact nothing could have suited his game better, and if she had not thought of it he would have stolen her handkerchief and arranged it for her.

Wang led her through the second opening, and across the third cave, taking her carefully round the end of the yawning crevasse which gaped across the greater part of the floor. She was guided to a sort of natural seat or shelf in the rock which made the further wall of the cave, and told to sit down facing the entrance.

Greatly wondering what on earth was about to happen, and with her heart beating tumultuously, Darya obeyed. As she sat in the darkness, her foreboding was increased by hearing the shuffling of feet and husky breathing of many other Chinamen gathering round her in the darkness.

Thus keyed up she waited in terrible suspense for what seemed to her ages, but was really not more than a few moments, before the slipping and grinding of European boots on the rubble slide leading to the second cave showed that someone was entering. Darya was now convinced that the Deputy Commissioner was coming to rescue her and would have shrieked aloud to guide him, but before she could open her mouth Wang's large hand descended forcibly upon it and her arms were gripped firmly. Thus she sat, held as in a vice, during the next few interminable seconds, until suddenly a bright light, dazzling after the preceding darkness, was flashed on her from behind one of the projecting pieces of the rock.

Darya was quick-witted, and instantly she understood the diabolical plot. Her rescuer was to be allowed to see her, when he would naturally spring forward, and, not perceiving the great crevasse, pitch headlong into it! Even now she could distinguish someone moving dimly in the opening opposite. Wang had freed her mouth as the light had shone out, and so she cried out her warning with all the earnestness she could put into her voice; but it was of no avail, or perhaps even hastened the catastrophe she tried to avert, for the man in the dimness sprang forward, and as he lost his footing she saw, in the ray of light that the Chinamen immediately shot upon him, that it was Tom Marjoram, and not Lawrence Thornthwaite, who had come in response to her note.

The instant he had disappeared, a large cloak smelling horribly of Chinamen was rolled round Darya, and she was carried bodily by devious ways until, the folds being opened, she found herself again in the first large cave where the fire had burned.

She was still gasping for breath after the smothering folds had been thrown back, when she heard a single shot, but as it rang out awakening the echoes and reverberating from one rock-face to another, it was multiplied until it resembled the rattle of a machine-gun.

The Chinamen looked at one another, and the expression of their faces showed a terrible satisfaction.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAYING THE TRAIL.

As soon as Darya had gone off on New Year's Day, Mah Pah Oo had trotted happily about her business. She dusted a little, arranged a little, and then devoted herself to the occupation she loved best of all, pulling out, shaking, folding or rehangng Darya's clothes. She was still busy with this an hour later, when she heard the voice of her nephew, Shwe Pu, down below. Mah Pah Oo was rather fluttered. Shwe Pu was such a grand man that he very seldom deigned to notice his aunt at all, and had hardly ever been to see her. Yet she determined to receive him with suitable dignity, and went downstairs without the least haste. The moment she saw his face however she took fright; the more so when he began stumbling over something he had to say about the *thakinma* and an accident. Forgetting all her dignity, Mah Pah Oo wailed and wrung her hands as she gathered the details. It appeared from Shwe Pu's account that the little *thakinma* had left Maung Ka's house earlier than she intended, and had gone for a walk. As the 'sky was closing,' 'they,' meaning Shwe Pu himself, thought it better to follow in case 'Miss' was attacked by *Lu-zo* (bad men). She had wandered far into the plain, and in trying to jump one of the water-courses, had slipped, and again wrenched her bad foot. So 'they' had come forward and made themselves known, and promising help, had hastened to get a tum-tum to fetch 'Miss' back, and had called on Mah Pah Oo on the way with the kindly intention of taking her too.

With many a wailing '*Amè*,' Mah Pah Oo prepared to accompany the youth, nothing doubting the truth of his story. But first she went round to the back of the bungalow to see that those two 'worthless' boys were doing their duty. She found Pinsawmy laudably plucking a fowl, and the other lad holding one of Darya's skirts to brush. Nothing could have been more seemly. Full of cunning, the old woman, who spent a great part of her time in keeping a watchful eye on both of them, refrained from telling them she was going off, lest they should neglect their duty and go too, when there was no one to report their bad conduct. That they would naturally watch round the corner and discover that she was driving off—even though the wheels of the tum-tum rolled softly over the grass—did not enter her mind.

Once away, she poured out a torrent of questions upon her nephew, who responded volubly, and between her suggestion and his imagination they soon arrived at a very long story, and knew exactly why Darya had left the house of Maung Ka so unusually early, and just the route she had taken, followed by the careful and guileless Shwe Pu, who, as a Government *sayé*, had a holiday that day. There followed much praise of Shwe Pu and his excellent work, so highly thought of by the *Asoya* (Government), and much more again to the same effect, so that Mah Pah Oo had not time to pick holes in the tale, before they had passed down the hill-side, and driven a considerable distance on the plain, covered with stubbly small bush and occasional trees like a Surrey common.

It was now quite dark, and when Shwe Pu alighted and, hitching up the pony to a tree, announced that they must go a little way on foot, as there were dried water-courses to cross, Mah Pah Oo most unsuspectingly followed, bewailing the headstrong obstinacy of her beloved mistress which took her into such places at such unholy hours.

In the tight little skirt, which considerably impeded her movements and was not designed for jumping over water-courses, she made slow progress, delayed further by the fact that her sandals came off several times and had to be searched for. At length, however, Shwe Pu announced that they must be somewhere near the place and began to call softly, while Mah Pah Oo clung to him, not at all sure that such unusual proceedings might not annoy the unfriendly 'nats.' Suddenly he stopped, started, and clutched her. 'Be quiet!' he told her. 'Beware the *Lu-zo*.'

Poor terrified Mah Pah Oo, accustomed to passing most of her life within the four walls of a house—with strips of white cotton covering the tops of the posts for bad spirits to live in, so that the inhabitants might be safe from their nearer neighbourhood—nearly died of fright. The more so, when Shwe Pu, springing forward in the darkness, loudly challenged the supposed thieves, and running after them, beat them soundly, with a stout stick he picked up. Mah Pah Oo could hear the blows!

'Run! Run, quick, quick!' cried he aloud to her, 'while I fight the *Lu-zo*.'

So she ran, tripping and stumbling away from him, and at last, catching her foot in a long tree root, she fell full length, and lay there with her eyes tightly shut, for she expected to see flaming devils around if she opened them.

The sound of running feet, the shouting, and the blows of the stout stick grew fainter, and at last ceased, but it was a long time after that before Mah Pah Oo dared open her eyes. She was not at all hurt, but she sat up expecting that her end was near. She was surprised to see it was fairly light, for the moon was getting up. It was very still, and the air was full of the ringing chirrup of crickets in the grass; shadowy bats were beginning to flit about the trees, showing up against the purple patches of sky between. There was that indescribable smell of 'night' in the air, so full of association with terrors as to make faint the soul of such a house-dweller as the poor little Burmese woman. Above all, Mah Pah Oo was hopelessly lost. She had turned and twisted so much in her walk with Shwe Pu that she had lost all sense of direction, even before that last headlong rush had bemused her completely. Her mind began to work on the awful adventure, and the brave conduct of her least loved nephew. Shwe Pu had acted like a warrior and had beaten many, many evil men, great black men breathing fire and flame! Mah Pah Oo was perfectly convinced she had seen them, and if ever she got home what a tale she would have to tell! Probably Shwe Pu had been killed, or was now bleeding on the ground, left to die in defence of her! This awful idea was swallowed up by a worse one—where, oh where was 'Miss'? And what must she be thinking, lying alone, hurt, in the darkness with none to help her? Timid as Mah Pah Oo was by nature, and further at a disadvantage on account of her firm belief in supernatural manifestations, she had a heart full of that love that conquers fear, and presently, expecting every moment to meet an awful end, she began to wander among the bushes in the little tracks now showing softly white in the light of the moon, and called plaintively on her beloved Darya.

The wonders that she saw that night are past the telling, or at all events they served her for the rest of her life, and ensured her being a welcome guest at any house she chose to honour. At one time an enormous animal with a bright blue tongue and large red eyes actually ran at her, but melted into thin air just as she felt its hot breath. She held converse with several *bilus*, but they spared her life because she was searching for her mistress.

She was cold and torn and weary to the bone by the time the sun got up and found her, a forlorn little figure that had lost all its accustomed jauntiness, seated on the ground with her feet

tucked up under her body. But now she saw where she was, and as the sun rose over the line of black peaks, she gradually made her way out of the stunted bushes, and crossing the open flat ground between, prepared to climb the ridge to get back to the bungalow. Almost at the foot she saw the figure of a monk who had come from the peaks in the plain, and was also preparing to ascend the ridge to go to the town on his daily begging round. He had the alms-bowl slung round his neck and supported by his hands. She knew in a moment who it was, and hurried to meet him. It was no other than Gaing-ôk, the abbot of the hill monasteries.

'Oh revered Lord!' she cried, kneeling by the side of the path before him. 'Great must be my *kan* (merit) to have met with you thus! Thy servant is in great distress of mind.'

The monk held up the fan of lotus-leaf shape, which is carried by the Holy Order to prevent the unruly eye from dwelling upon womankind. He stood stock-still, gazing straight along the path, and said in measured tones: 'Thou sayest well, *tagamadaw*. I may bring comfort and consolation to thee. What is thy trouble?'

'Oh Holy One, thy servant was indeed foolish to go abroad at the sun-setting, for as we left the house a snake darted across the path and thy servant saw it, but—oh misery!—thy servant thought—ah, woe is me!—the *thakinma* is in danger—— That is the ill-omen. Needs must we go to seek her, no matter what else befalls.'

'Who is she that is in danger? And what is the trouble that threatens her?' asked the monk, with the same detached, even intonation.

'Oh, *sayadaw*, great teacher, the little *thakinma* was given to wandering far. One day she hurt her foot, and it was your saintly lordship who, of his infinite compassion, gave her a place to sleep within the curtilage,' went on the old woman.

The pôngyi's heart gave a throb, but his blank stare betrayed nothing. For many days he had tried to forget the sting so unwittingly planted in his breast by the brown-eyed daughter of the English. Her glance had haunted him in his meditations, on his begging rounds, and even in his studies, but he thought the poison had at last abated, and now, with a word of her, its smart tingled all over him like a fever rigor. 'And what of her?' he asked, to all outward seeming as calm as his own hill.

'Most holy and glorious One, now once more she has wandered and hurt herself. All night long thy servant hath sought her and

found her not. There is fear that the evil spirits have carried her off, and thy servant's nephew, Shwe Pu, son of my sister, he also is no more to be seen. He fought with the darkling spirits. He fought with the demons in the night, and now thy servant is in sore distress and knows not what to do.'

'Tell me further of this matter, thou Cherisher of the Order. Thy nephew, was he with—the missing one?'

'My Lord Mendicant, he came with thy servant to seek for her. He it was who brought the news, who told me, behold the Thakinma has gone for a walk in the plain and has fallen again and injured her foot, where she got a hurt before. Then we went together, but darkness came down upon us, and miscreants set upon us and beat him with heavy blows. Then thy servant ran and was lost in the bush, and found neither the little Thakinma nor my nephew.' Mah Pah Oo clasped her hands and bent her forehead to the ground.

The pôngyi was deep in thought. At early dawn that morning, when he could 'see the veins on the back of his hand,' the customary time for those of the Order to rise, he had noticed what seemed to him a most unusual sight. There was a little group of men stringing along a path from the base of the limestone cliffs, and making for the river. He had thought they were roisterers returning home. Now it struck him that this might have something to do with the disappearance of the girl. What could be their object? Then his mind went back to his meeting with Darya, and from that to the visit of Tom Marjoram the following morning, and a thought flashed across his mind. What if Marjoram had hired the gang to abduct the girl and carry her off to a hill village or to some of the unfrequented caves higher up? He could not bring himself to feel anger against Marjoram, for the conversation had been perfectly frank, and the touch of sympathy awakened in him by the man who asked for his help, was not dead. Instead, his indignation was directed against the girl; why should she cause all this trouble? Why should she? And yet if she had been carried off against her will, it would mean ruin for her—an English girl. He resolved to say nothing of what he had known or of whom he suspected, but he must put justice on the trail.

'*Tagamadaw*, Upholder of the Order, these women's vagaries have nothing to do with one who has entered on the Fourfold Path. I do indeed remember the woman thou speakest of, and it

is true that she spent the night inside the monastery fence, but that was because there was no alternative. She could not walk. Now thou tellest me she has wandered far away again. What has that to do with me? Tell her to study the Law and follow the Teachings that it contains, so that in another Life she may mount on the Ladder of Existence.'

The monk turned and looked back, and then along the path again as if he were about to move on.

'Oh Lord, most compassionate, have mercy, and tell thy servant what to do,' implored poor Mah Pah Oo, almost beating the ground with her forehead in her anxiety.

'What shouldest thou do? There is but one thing to do, go to the police, or go, rather, to the Deputy Commissioner and tell thy story. And listen! Tell him there have been comings and goings of strange men on the jungle paths, not peasants going to market or herdsmen looking for strayed cattle, but foreign men, men who looked like Chinamen. They seemed to be going toward the river. They seemed to come from the caves which as yet have not been occupied by *Yatheit*—by monks or recluses; and farther up, as doubtless thou knowest, there are villages high up on the river where the bank breaks from the canyon into the low country. There, it may be, thou mayest find thy nephew and this wandering woman.'

'Oh Lord, most merciful, most beneficent,' began Mah Pah Oo, but the Gaing-ôk put out his arm, the palm toward her, and said '*Tagamadaw*, delay me not. Already there are some of the pious waiting for me in the village, eager to earn merit by offering alms to me. It is not meet that such as thou or I should keep them from their daily task. Go, thou, and tarry not.'

With eyes cast on the ground, a man's length in front of him, he paced slowly away, while Mah Pah Oo, with palms held together above her head, bowed three times to the ground. Then she rose to her feet, put on her sandals, and shambled up the slope as fast as her clinging skirts and clacking foot-gear would let her, growing hotter and hotter as the sun beat on her back.

The monk's face was as calm and impassive as ever, but inwardly his thoughts were in a tumult. His mind wandered from Darya to Marjoram and back again. He was glad that none of his fellow monks was with him that morning. He was glad that the little *koyin*, the neophyte, whose duty it was to follow him, had that morning got permission to go on ahead to the village on the

outskirts of the town, to see someone who was ill in his home, under promise to join and fall in behind him at the first of the houses. He was glad that the religious were all waiting in front of their doors ready to pour their food offerings into his *thabeik*. That begging-bowl was soon full to the brim, and then he was free to go back. Most of all was he glad that custom forbade him to acknowledge the offerings by a word, or even a look. He wheeled off along a path leading into the scrub and as soon as the jungle hid him from view, quickened his pace in a way which astonished the little neophyte, and forced him into a dog-trot that he thought almost irreligious.

CHAPTER XIV.

THORNTHWAITE ACTS.

WHEN Mah Pah Oo got within sight of the house she nearly ran, as she had not done since she was a little girl. She had a wild hope that she might find Darya at home, but she almost dropped with heat and fatigue and dismay when she found the two chattering, distraught, scared boys at the foot of the steps. They told her that Darya had not been back at all since the afternoon before. They stoutly maintained that they had been there all the time and had never left the compound, so that they must have seen or heard her if she had come back. They also protested that they had not seen Mah Pah Oo leave, and, since they thought she was in the inner room, after sitting up to a very late hour, they had barred and bolted the doors and slept across behind them on their mats for better security. It was only when day broke that they had discovered there was no one in the house.

The truth was that the two scapegraces had come back from the town so late that they were afraid it might mean dismissal rather than a scolding. They took it for granted that Mah Pah Oo and their mistress had long since gone to bed, so they had sneaked in as quietly as they could. The sleeping across the doorway, which was true, they thought to have been a brilliantly inspired idea when they discovered they were absolutely alone in the house.

But as morning wore on and nobody came, they began to have misgivings, which gradually changed to anxiety and were not far off panic when Mah Pah Oo appeared alone. They had not dared

to leave the house in case they should be caught away. Mah Pah Oo listened to their antiphonal outpourings with sniffs and wails, and then talked herself out of breath with her tale of woe and terror. It gave the boys much relief, but they expressed wonderful sympathy, and bustled about to get her water to wash and tidy herself before going to the town.

Like all her countryfolk, Mah Pah Oo shrank from going to the police station, as the monk had advised her. For one thing, she thought it would be expensive, and for another she dreaded the publicity it would mean for Darya and herself. Moreover, she remembered that Darya was on visiting terms with the Deputy Commissioner, who, after all, occupied the post which had been held by her father. Mah Pah Oo was not less energetic and self-reliant than the rest of her fellow-countrywomen, but she thought it best to ask the help and advice of her brother, Maung Ka, first; for Shwe Pu was Maung Ka's nephew too, and he was missing as well as Darya.

Unfortunately, Maung Ka was out, and it was not for some time that his wife appeared from the bazaar where she had been to buy food for the family. That good lady listened open-mouthed to the alarming story told by her sister-in-law, which was not finished when Maung Ka himself came in. Then the whole prodigious tale had to be told over again.

It was, therefore, about mid-day when they reached the court-house and there they learnt that the Ayaybaing had finished his early morning's office work and had gone home to *Burra hazri*.

'It would have been well if we could have seen him when he had his early morning coffee and toast,' said Maung Ka. 'The Ayaybaing is a very kind, good man, but he may not like to be disturbed when he is eating rice.'

'Amè,' sobbed Mah Pah Oo. 'The sun is already three palm trees high, and where is my little Thakinma? Of a surety our *kan* is not good. One of us must have sinned in a past existence.'

'Nevertheless it is better that we wait by the gate of the compound. The Ayaybaing will drive in and see us and he will take us to his room. That is better than the court-room, full of pleaders and witnesses in cases. Come now, and we will *shikho* to him as he turns the corner.'

Accordingly they hunkered down where he indicated, and before very long Thornthwaite drove up in his tum-tum, with the sais holding an umbrella over his head.

Mah Pah Oo held up her hands in supplication and he drew up, and when he found out who she was, and heard Darya's name mentioned, he took them into his private room.

There Mah Pah Oo poured out her tale again with a plentiful garnishing of evil nats and flesh-eating bilus, till Thornthwaite was almost driven from his reason; but when he heard from Maung Ka that Shwe Pu was a clerk in the office, he sent his messenger to find out if the youth was at his desk. The peon found him clean and neatly attired, working away as usual, and informed him that he was wanted by the 'Dipty Sahib.'

Shwe Pu had his story pat. It agreed in the beginning exactly with what he had told his aunt. He had seen Darya leave his uncle's house and start off for a walk, and he had followed her to see that she came to no harm, and when he found she had hurt her foot again and was not able to walk, he hurried back to get the buggy, and had picked up his aunt to go with him. But by that time it had grown dark and while they were groping about looking for the place where he had left Darya, a gang of men, 'four, five, or eight' of them had set on them. He did his best to resist and called out to Mah Pah Oo to run away. What she did after that he did not know, for he was too busy warding off blows, and the next thing he could remember was coming to again. He found himself in a tangle of prickly acacia bushes. Whether he had been dragged there or been felled there, and how long he had been there, he could not say.

It was some minutes before he realised what had happened, and he was sore all over from the blows he had received, but as soon as his thoughts got working again, he sprang up and went round and round in constantly increasing circles, looking for his aunt and Darya. But he could find neither of them and dared not raise his voice to call in case it brought the footpads back upon him. So he had reluctantly to give up the search, and it was as well, for when he got back home he found he had only just time to clean himself, change his clothes, and hurry off to the office. He had intended to go and ask after his aunt in the evening.

Thornthwaite had kept his eye on him while he was talking, and said sardonically 'A strange story. You seem to have got off extraordinarily well. I can't see any marks on you. Where did they hit you so badly as to stun you?'

'Oh, my lord,' broke in Mah Pah Oo, 'I heard them striking. It was like the pestle in a paddy husking trough.'

'Well, well,' said Thornthwaite, fingering some papers on his desk. 'I believe you, Mah Pah Oo, but Shwe Pu is another matter. How many men were there?' he asked, turning to the clerk again. 'And what were they, *kalās* (natives of India) or Burmans?'

'My lord,' said Shwe Pu sheepishly, 'it was very dark and they were striking at me with *lathis*.'

'Oh, if there were *lathis* you must have seen a good deal. *Kalās* carry sticks like that, Burmans very seldom do. It wasn't so very dark last night either; I was out myself pretty late. You must have seen whether they were wearing Indian *dhotis* or Burmese *lungyis*?'

'Oh, my lord,' broke in Mah Pah Oo again. 'I place my head under your feet. I had quite forgotten to tell your Honour that I met the Sayādaw from the rock monastery. He told me that at the first streak of dawn he had seen a string of men following a narrow jungle path towards the river.'

'Did he say what kind of men they were?'

'Have pity on your lordship's servant. I did not think of asking him. I had been all night in the jungle. The Lord Mendicant was on his begging round. It is not seemly for a daughter of men to talk long with one of the Yellow Robe, especially in a jungle place. He had not even a little *koyin* with him. Pardon me, my lord, I was distraught about my little Thakinma.'

'This is important,' said Thornthwaite, breaking in on the torrent of her words and leaving the weak points in Shwe Pu's tale to be dealt with later. 'Peon!' he called. 'Send for the Inspector of Police. No, I will see about this myself. Go down to the jetty and tell them to get my launch ready. I have a case to try,' he added, 'but it won't take long, I expect. You, Maung Ka, and Mah Pah Oo, go home and don't go far from the house. I may come to see you again in the afternoon—with Miss Molineux, I hope. As for you, Shwe Pu, go back to your desk. I don't believe a word you say, and I have not done with you yet. It hardly seems probable that you returned this morning believing you had left your aunt and Miss Molineux in the jungle and yet said not a word to anyone.'

Shwe Pu slunk out with his head hanging down. Mah Pah Oo and her brother burst into a flood of thanks, which Thornthwaite silenced with a wave of his hand and another order, this time to the messenger who had taken the place of the one that had

gone. 'Tell the Inspector I shan't want him to come in the launch with me, only the sergeant and a couple of constables.'

Mah Pah Oo and Maung Ka *shikhoed* and crept out backwards without rising until they got round the corner of the door.

'He is a regular thunder and lightning man, the Ayaybaing,' said Maung Ka. 'I always thought he was an easy osy sort of a man. I wonder if he was right about Shwe Pu.'

'Shwe Pu imitates the English too much,' said Mah Pah Oo.

Thornthwaite's case took longer than he expected, but he got away by the middle of the afternoon, and the launch carried him up to the point where the limestone rocks were visible from the river. He had no difficulty in judging that the best place to land was by the lightning-struck cotton-tree, for here were signs of much coming and going. He climbed the bank up exactly the same track that Darya had been compelled to take the night before, but this he could only conjecture. He had a curiously vivid sensation that he might meet her any moment, and when he reached the top he stood still and looked around expectantly. But not a living thing was in sight. Before him unrolled the great plain, with its sentinel rocks carven against the clear sky, and the peace that lay on the scene made it difficult to believe in the wild story he had heard.

He walked on swiftly, with the constables in his wake, and easily discovered the rising path leading to the mouth of the great cave. His breath quickened as he came out on the platform before the opening. What should he find inside? There was no one there, and nothing, absolutely nothing—stay, the ashes of a burnt-out wood fire showed that someone had been here recently, for they were still light and flaky. The constables lit dry bamboo torches and made a rapid search, but found no other trace of human occupation. When they reported this, Thornthwaite went outside with a heart like lead. He had lost the trail! At the moment of his coming forth he was dazzled by the golden glow of the sun setting in the west. Involuntarily he turned and looked vaguely at the other masses of rock rising not far from where the cave was. A little yellow speck on one of them caught his eye. He took out his field glasses to examine it and saw it was a pôngyi sitting cross-legged on a boulder.

Then he remembered Mah Pah Oo's story of the *Gaing-ôk*; so he sent up a sergeant with a polite request that the holy man would be good enough to come down and speak with him.

He had hardly done so when he saw the monk rise to his feet and begin the descent of his own accord. The sergeant, meeting him, *shikhoed* and fell in behind. When they drew near, Thornthwaite bowed and said courteously: 'The *pôngyi*, perhaps, has been some time looking down on the flat lands from his exalted height?'

'For some hours, *Tagādaw*,' replied the monk curtly.

'Perhaps, then, it was your reverence who met a woman, Mah Pah Oo, this morning and told her a party of men had been seen down here still earlier, when it was only just light?'

'It was I.'

'She says you told her that she might find the girl she was in search of in one of these caves. Is that so, *Gaing-ôk*? You are the *Gaing-ôk* of the group of monasteries, I gathered?'

'Yes. At Matins time, Mr. Deputy Commissioner, I saw a little group of men going to their launch this morning.'

'To their launch? What sort of men were they? It is not usual for men to have a launch here at dawn of day!'

'They were Chinamen.'

'Chinamen!' Thornthwaite's mind immediately leaped to Marjoram's connexion with the Chinese. He looked hard at the monk as he asked: 'Did you see them clearly? Did they seem to be leading or carrying anyone?'

'The morning's light is the clearest of all the day. They had no one with them.'

'I suppose you know that Miss Molineux, a young English lady, has disappeared? I gather that you connected this party of men with her disappearance. Why did you do that?'

'*Ayaybaing min*, there is no reason to discuss it, since I know it for a fact.'

'If you did not see her, how do you know it for a fact, *Gaing-ôk*?'

'I have the most conclusive evidence.'

'Does that mean that you have seen Miss Molineux? I know your ordination rules, of course, but it is my duty to insist that you shall be explicit.'

In spite of his ordinarily calm manner, Thornthwaite was beginning to get worked up.

'Not only did I see her, Mr. Deputy Commissioner, but I talked with her this morning.'

'Was she safe and uninjured?' Thornthwaite asked, catching his breath.

'She was.'

Thornthwaite half-stifled an oath. '*Gaing-ôk*, don't let me have to drag the evidence out of you as if I were an examining counsel and you an unwilling witness. Every moment may be of immense importance. Where is Miss Molineux?'

'That I cannot tell you, *Tagādaw*.'

'But you say you saw her. What did she tell you?'

'She told me that Chinamen had decoyed her away last night by a false report that the woman, Mah Pah Oo, was ill and needed her assistance.'

Thornthwaite's brows knitted, but he signed to the monk to go on.

'They brought her here, under false pretences of course, but they treated her well and courteously. After a time one of them came to her and offered, if she would write a letter, to take it to you without telling his fellows.'

'Take it to me! What do you mean? I got no letter.'

'She did write to you nevertheless, but the man took it to the wealthy merchant, Tom Marjoram!'

All Thornthwaite's long training in self-control was needed to repress the excitement rising in him at this extraordinary story. 'What happened then?' he asked curtly.

'Tom Marjoram came immediately. He came with a swiftness that was astonishing, but he, too, had been tricked by the Chinamen. He entered the cave, caught a glimpse of the girl, rushed towards her, and fell into a pot-hole or crevasse. He was badly hurt. The Chinamen thought he was dead and prepared to go to their launch. They would have taken Miss Molineux back with them, but she refused to go until it was certain that nothing could be done for Marjoram.'

The monk paused and fingered the beads on his rosary.

'Then?' cried Thornthwaite in a hoarse voice.

'Then I came. As I was returning from my morning round I heard the sound of someone crying or calling in the cavern. I went in and found the girl kneeling by the side of the crevasse, unable to climb down herself or to get any word of reply from the man below. My *koyin* and I searched about until we found a half-burned length of dry bamboo, and when this was lighted we discovered the end of the cleft in the floor of the cave and scrambled down. Marjoram was unconscious. His arm was injured and his lips swollen up, for his face had struck the rocky side of the

cleft as he fell, and he could hardly speak. It was only because he had landed on a thick layer of bats' guano that he had escaped with his life. My *koyin* and I had great difficulty in getting him out. We took him to the mouth of the cave and I bound up his arm with a stick for splint. He revived in the fresh air.'

'But where, in the name of heaven, are they now?' Thornthwaite broke in, unable to restrain himself longer.

'How should I know? The concerns of men and women and the ways of the world are not mine. I saw that the girl was very much affected and full of pity. They two had a conversation which was carried on partly in a whisper because the man could with difficulty get a sound from between his swollen lips. I saw I was no longer wanted. I drew my robes round me, lifted my begging bowl, and went my way. They departed a little later.'

'But which way did they depart? That is what I want to know,' said Thornthwaite vehemently.

The *pôngyi* waved his arms vaguely in the direction of the far-away hills from which the river broke.

'Away up the river,' he said tranquilly. 'In his launch, the launch from which he had landed.'

'You are sure of this?' Thornthwaite asked in a low troubled tone from which all vehemence had departed.

'The *Ayaybaing* knows that to tell the truth is one of the vows of the Holy Order, and I will tell you how I know. As I climbed the hill I turned now and again to look below. I saw them take the track to the river bank. I saw them board the launch. They had no sooner done so than the crew cast off and steered up the river.'

'Did she—did Miss Molineux—go willingly?' Thornthwaite asked, getting the words out with difficulty. 'Was there any compulsion on his part that you could see?'

'To me it seemed as if she thought it the natural thing to do. She walked freely. Any help was rather from her to him than the other way, for he went haltingly owing to his hurts,' said the monk imperturbably, 'and now, Mr. Deputy Commissioner, you must excuse me. I have told you all I know. It is the hour of the *thāthana hlyauk*, vespers, as they call it in your country. I must return.'

Solemnly he turned and walked up the slope.

Thornthwaite gazed after him with eyes that saw nothing.

He had received a terrible blow, and yet even with this first-hand and undoubtedly truthful evidence before him, he could not

believe it, he could not bring himself to believe that Darya had gone off with Tom Marjoram of her own free will.

At any rate, there was nothing more to be done.

But as his launch took him back down the river to Môttama his judicial mind was working on two points. Why should the Chinamen have laid a trap for Marjoram? and why, after having tricked him as they had planned, had they not made sure that he was dead and so unable to bring a charge against them?

CHAPTER XV.

THE LAUNCH GOES UP-STREAM.

THE pôngyi had spoken the truth; several hours before Thornthwaite arrived at the caves, regardless of the sun, he had watched Marjoram and Darya going down the narrow track to the river. They were both worn and subdued; there was no sign of struggle or resistance on Darya's side. Marjoram was changed by his severe shock so that he looked pale and wan, his mouth was disfigured and swollen, and his left arm was in a sling. He tried to conceal the fact that he was a mass of bruises, and from time to time stretched out his right arm to assist Darya at difficult points. She knew exactly how he was suffering, and when he offered to help her she allowed him to do so, no longer shrinking from him, but trying to ease his efforts. Thus they came to the launch.

The men on deck were on the look-out; Marjoram's servants had learned the lesson of implicit obedience, and directly their master was on board they prepared to cast off.

'You will be better in the cabin,' Marjoram said to Darya. Hardly a word had passed between them as they came down to the river, and his voice sounded strange and hoarse to her now. 'We can make you a comfortable couch in the swing-cot, and you need rest.'

The vanished boy, Ramaswamy, now appeared in the background and Marjoram gave him orders without reference to his desertion. In three minutes Darya found herself lying restfully and alone in the swing-cot in the little cabin. She was so worn out with all the emotions of her broken night that she looked but once through the open doorway to the awninged deck, where

Marjoram was stretched full length in a deck-chair, and then she slept.

From that deep, refreshing sleep she awoke some hours later with the tinkle of tea-cups in her ears and the gurgle of water still falling away steadily from the smooth sides of the launch. How long had she slept? Why were they not at Möttama?

Shaking from her the vestiges of drowsiness, she went out and looked up from under the awning. But she saw no signs of the familiar banks near Möttama; instead, on both sides a thick growth of jungle came down to the water, hedging it in with a wreathed and looped wall of greenery.

Darya stood perfectly still with the palms of her hands pressed flat against the woodwork of the deck-house behind her back, and fixed her eyes on Marjoram, who had risen to greet her. Exactly so had she looked in his vision of her, with penetrating reproach in her expression. She was trapped and she knew it!

Thus they stood for the matter of, it might be, a few seconds, and the crisis of a lifetime lay between them. Then Darya spoke in a low voice, 'Why have you done this thing?'

He found a little difficulty in replying, so, instead, he pushed a low chair forward for her, and as the boy came round the corner, bearing a smoking tea-pot, she sank into it and stared blankly before her at the rich, dark growth of jungle fleeting past. She was kidnapped, carried off up-stream into a lonely part where no houses were, and she was utterly and entirely in the power of this man, who desired her so that he forgot chivalry and the ordinary conduct of humanity in his dealings with her.

'What have you done? Oh, what have you done?' she asked in a low tone of bitter reproach.

Darya was no schoolgirl; she had been through too much, seen and known too much of life, not to realise what had befallen her. For the second time in her life man's treachery had placed her in a position from which she could only escape broken and ruined. Recrimination was useless; to make an outcry not only useless but undignified and degrading. The second time! And this time she was no willing victim. Even if she managed to escape the uttermost outrage, all that remained of her fair name and reputation would have gone for ever.

Marjoram poured out the tea for both and handed her a cup, and mechanically she began to sip it. He sat down near her.

'Darya, don't be so miserable,' he said earnestly. 'You know

what you are to me—the only woman in the world I have ever wished to win. I behaved like a cursed cad when I first met you, and you can't forget it——'

'And what about now?' she asked in a slow, measured tone.

He leaped over that. 'I respect you above all women. You are beginning to know me a little too. We can be so boundlessly happy together. We will leave behind us all the worry and conventionality that we both despise and hate, and day by day we will live with the glorious sights and sounds of nature. Remember, I risked my life to come when you called me—or I thought you had. Is it likely I'd injure you after that? I want you to be happy, as only then can I be happy. I want no other woman, and never have. If it pleases you, we will go through any ceremony you like when we return, and be man and wife before the whole world.'

She laughed suddenly, so bitterly and mirthlessly, that it made him shiver. No words she could have used would have made him understand better the depths of her scepticism.

'I don't know how I am ever to convince you of my sincerity,' he said.

'You would find it a little difficult. Possibly you are married already.'

He pondered that. 'There is evidence enough against that from what you have known of me in Mōttama,' he suggested, trying to be reasonable. 'Did anyone there ever hint I was a married man?'

'Is it likely that I should have discussed the subject?' she asked disdainfully.

'You must have had a bitter experience of men,' he remarked presently.

'Whether that is so or not, there is only one thing to do. If you want me ever to speak to you, ever to look at you again, you must order your men to turn the launch and make all steam back. I do not know how far we have got, but as we shall have the current with us then it may be just possible to make Mōttama to-night.'

'It's likely, isn't it, that I should do that when I have got you? No, Darya, I care for you so deeply that I desire your happiness before all things, so I can never be content unless you come to me willingly. But, all the same, I must use my own judgment. You have got altogether a wrong notion in your head. You are like a child who doesn't know what is good for it. You don't altogether dislike me now; there is no one else you care for, I imagine. I can

give you more than any other man. Everything you desire shall be yours, and, above all, freedom. I shan't claim you like a sultan. You shall be free as I am free. We will travel and see the cities and countries of the world. Never the faintest wish of yours shall be unfulfilled. Just trust me a little and you will never regret it. Give yourself to me, rest on me.'

Great involuntary tears began to gather in Darya's eyes, and this made her furious with herself, for she feared he might construe them as a sign of melting instead of merely the hopelessness that possessed her soul. How could she ever convince a man so self-centred, so obsessed by his own side of the question? Already she began to foresee a weary fight in which, point by point, her defences would be worn down and nothing left for her but surrender to a loveless life; and not a loveless life only—that she had long learned to contemplate as her lot—but one passed in fellowship with a man whom she had begun by loathing and only now tolerated because of her pity for his hurts. She sat silent so long that when the words, 'In doing this you are ruining me,' fell from her lips it was more as if she were speaking aloud at large than to him.

'Darya, Darya,' he exclaimed, as if loving to linger on the name. 'How perverse you are! My dear one, don't delude yourself, any ruin of that sort is done already by your friends the Chinese, I fancy. On the contrary, I am offering you a way of escape out of all the misery that has come upon your life, by most humbly begging you to marry me.'

'It's such a pity,' Darya exclaimed unexpectedly, knotting and re-knotting her damp handkerchief, 'that you should persist in wanting *me*, when I understand that husbands are so scarce many a girl would be glad to get one.'

He laughed. Well he knew his own value in the matrimonial market! The least conceited of men could hardly have failed to be aware of that in his position. It was a contrary fate that drove him to desire this one girl who did not want him. But the truth was he could not believe she did not want him. There was some other than a personal reason behind all this coyness, and he must discover it.

'You don't wish to have a husband of any sort?' he asked.

'No,' returned Darya with spirit, a sudden idea entering her head. 'I am married already.'

The moment she had spoken she knew she had made a mistake.

After seeing her living alone in Môttama, he must know that any such marriage, supposing he believed in it, was a failure; he would be even less likely to let her go after hearing that than when he thought her an innocent girl.

'I guessed you had been married,' he said quietly, fingering a cigarette. 'There is an indefinable something in a woman's manner toward men that gives her away. Nevertheless I am bound to draw the inference that that marriage was not a happy one. I ask no questions; I don't care a button what you have done or have been through before I knew you. All I know is that I long for you and shall continue to long for you until you come to me.'

She answered nothing and the dusk deepened. 'Men think I'm a bit of a brute,' he went on presently. 'So I am—to them. I don't know what women think, for I've never had anything to do with them. They didn't interest me. But I want you always. I shall never worry you. I have lots of money; you must help me to spend it. It's nothing to me unless I can scatter roses for your feet. Besides, it's sheer nonsense to pretend you think I shan't go through a ceremony with you. I don't care tuppence about such forms myself but I know a great many do, and that it's sometimes unpleasant for women who haven't conformed. I'm proud enough of you to be eager to own you before the world as my wife. If there were a padre and a church handy in this wilderness I would get him to do that job at once and so be sure of you, you're so elusive. Now I hold you in my hand like some small, wild creature, but if I let you go before putting a little gold ring round your finger, you'd probably be off like a shot.'

'I've told you that I'm married already.'

'Darling, I know the kind of marriage that was, and I think no worse of you for it. Possibly some blackguard persuaded you to go through the marriage ceremony with him, and it may be he himself was married already. In that experience you lost all your faith in men and think them all scoundrels. I'll prove the contrary if you'll give me a chance.'

'But you're behaving like a blackguard all the time,' Darya cried out spiritedly.

'It's my misfortune that it must seem like it to you,' he answered resignedly.

The darkness was rapidly closing in on them. 'What are you going to do with me?' she asked in a voice that trembled.

He rose and strolled to the rail, glancing this way and that. Then he called out some orders in Hindustanee to the serang.

'We are going to make fast,' he replied, turning to Darya, 'at the first suitable spot the serang can find. Then we'll have dinner. You can have a hot bath first, if you like.'

Darya stood up. 'And afterwards?' she asked.

'Afterwards we'll have coffee and cigarettes,' he went on, smiling at her.

She could hardly speak, but she came toward him and clasped her hands. 'You will understand,' she said, her dark head bent low over the rail, 'that sooner than pass the night in there with you I shall sleep with the deep water of the river as my covering'; and she gazed down at the volume of the current slipping smoothly past.

He laid his hand on her arm, and when she would have moved held it firmly. 'Little fool,' he said with the utmost gentleness. 'It all depends on you. I shall not intrude into your cabin unless you invite me.'

'And you? Where will you sleep?'

'On shore, if there is room for them to make a brush-wood shelter.'

(To be continued.)

SIR RICHARD F. BURTON AS I KNEW HIM.

BY F. GRENFELL BAKER

FROM the time, now some eighty years ago, when Richard Burton left Oxford through typical means of his own devising, down to the present period when his birth-centenary was recently celebrated, his life and characteristics have been matters of intense interest to tens of thousands of people both at home and abroad. And here I would at once like to emphasise my belief that this widespread and enduring interest in all that appertains to Burton's super-strenuous career is due less to the fame of his manifold explorations and other achievements, wonderful and highly important though they were, or even to the unique extent and variety of his encyclopædic knowledge, than to the atmosphere of chivalrous and single-minded romanticism that ever surrounded his exceptionally virile and human personality in all he did throughout his life.

On the other hand, it is apparent to those who have at all deeply studied his career that he, even more than the average of great men, has suffered seriously in repute from many of those writers who have attempted to portray his character or to criticise his work. To him with special relevance might be applied the dictum of the cynic who said 'Post-mortem reputations are more often created, marred, or destroyed by the vagaries of biographers than by the actual life-records of their victims.'

Be this as it may, the fact remains that very erroneous views concerning Burton's true personality have been widely propagated by many of those who have written about his character and his achievements.

On this account I propose in the following notes to confine myself to a brief consideration of some of his more salient characteristics such as I had opportunities of observing them during the last three and a half years of his life when I was his travelling medical adviser, his daily companion, and, I believe, his confidential friend.

No endeavour to arrive at a true conception of Burton's life and mental outlook can be expected to produce any but false conclusions unless due regard is given—amongst other essential factors—to the remarkable complexity, force, and extent of his physical and psychical organisation. And this exceptional complexity in

its turn, it is as well to remember, is dependent upon the curious commingling of ethnic strains he possessed. For in himself he combined English, Scotch, Irish, French, and probably Gypsy blood, the French being derived through his descent from Louis XIV.

In the result, and although he exhibited many differing and apparently contradictory characteristics, due to the promptings of awakened echoes from far-off or nearby parental voices, certain specific features were seldom wholly absent or otherwise than indicative of his true self. Some of the more notable of these I will endeavour to describe, as I myself witnessed their presence during the long period I spent in his company.

First and foremost of Burton's characteristics I would certainly place kindness of heart and consideration for others, coupled with an old-world courtesy in manner and address seldom lacking when conversing with acquaintances or strangers. This statement is, I know, totally at variance with much that has been written about his alleged habitual abrupt and brutal manner of speech, of which I can only say that if he were abrupt or brutal there were very good reasons for so acting; but unquestionably these outbursts never formed part of his natural mode of speaking.

Burton's fathomless kindness of heart—and I think it was usually his heart rather than his head which guided him in this matter—made him always the champion of the 'bottom dog,' and that, too, whether it were a human thoroughbred or only a mere mongrel that sought his sympathies.

Till shortly before his death he remained a poor man, yet he was ever ready generously to help all those who had any kind of claim on him, and incidentally a good many who had none. It would be easy to cite examples of his efficient and unobtrusive kindness, but the limitations of space at my disposal will enable me to give but a few.

Amongst my most treasured possessions is a long and beautifully expressed letter from the late Algernon C. Swinburne, received shortly after Burton's death. In this the great poet gave me particulars of a time when he was in sore straits through illness and other troubles, and related how at the depth of his misery Burton took charge of him, and carrying him off to more congenial surroundings, tenderly nursed him back to health, happiness, and hope.

Moderation was seldom a distinguishing quality of Sir Richard's acts of kindness—or for that matter, of any of his acts; indeed, many of them were quixotic in the extreme. Of these latter the

first and the last occasions on which we were together furnish conspicuous examples.

I have so often recounted the remarkable circumstances attending my introduction to Burton that I need not do more than refer to it in outline. Nevertheless, it was profoundly dramatic and charged with elements of vital import to both our lives.

In the beginning of 1887 I was convalescing at Cannes from a serious illness that had necessitated giving up my London practice and residing, for a time at least, in a more congenial climate than my own country was able, or willing, to bestow. Wholly unknown to me, Sir Richard Burton lay dying (as was believed to be the case) in a neighbouring hotel, where a consultation had just decided that a fatal termination to his illness would shortly take place. At Lady Burton's earnest entreaty it was also determined that the patient should be informed of his critical condition, and, on account of the physicians being all either friends or acquaintances of Burton's, it was thought best a stranger should undertake this unpleasant duty.

The choice fell upon me, and thus my first meeting with the man who since my boyhood's days had been my greatest living hero was brought about through my having been selected to inform him he was dying.

It will be sufficient here to say that on entering the sickroom I found the patient apparently quite conscious, and generally far better than I had been led to expect, and I at once as sympathetically as possible told him what I had been instructed to convey.

More than thirty years have elapsed since that interview and yet I can still vividly see the scene; but most of all do I see Sir Richard's wonderful eyes intensely gazing at me with that extraordinary faculty of his for appearing not only to look at, but through and over and around one. This peculiarity I found later he was able to exercise when greatly interested in a speaker or in the words he uttered, an ability possibly inherited from his Gypsy or from his Gaelic forebears.

When I had finished speaking, Burton quietly asked whether I believed he was about to die, to which I replied that personally I knew very little about his case, but felt bound to tell him the members of the consultation were amongst the leaders of their profession, and that they all agreed as to the seriousness of his illness. 'Ah, well, what must be, will be,' he responded calmly, and with what I in after times knew to be a characteristic shrug of the shoulders,

and without any further reference to his grave physical condition, he proceeded to chat quite cheerfully, and finally told me a story from the 'Arabian Nights'!

The point in the foregoing which I wish to stress is that here was a man suddenly struck down by what he believed to be a fatal illness, long ere the principal tasks he had set himself to accomplish were completed. And yet this man, in accordance with the habits of a lifetime, and as a matter of course, was able by an effort of will to abandon all concern for his own dire condition and to concentrate himself on entertaining a stranger—and a stranger, moreover, who was the bearer of such serious and fateful news.

Remembering that Burton had spent a large proportion of his life amongst Mohammedans, with whom hospitality is often of the nature of a sacred function, it is not at all surprising to find his social habits were largely tinged with the same belief, while to this was further joined his inborn courtesy and natural kindness of heart.

I may add that at the pressing invitation of both Lady Burton and her husband, and with the willing consent of their own very distinguished physician—who was also mine—Dr. Frank, I at once took charge of the patient, and so continued till compelled by recurring ill-health to relinquish my duties into the highly skilled hands of the late Dr. R. Leslie, a Canadian physician. Later on in the year, when sufficiently well, I again took medical control, and so remained till the end came on October 20, 1890, at Trieste.

On looking back over a fairly eventful and certainly highly interesting career, it is one of my greatest joys to know that the commencement of my old friend's recovery of much of his former strength and health, and his actual recession from the gates of death, coincide with the very day of our first meeting. Largely through his indomitable spirit, he was enabled to carry-on bravely and well for nearly four years of active existence, especially with respect to literary production, which latter, indeed, was almost as great as before his illness.

While yet a youth, and as part of his preparation for the life he had mapped out for himself, Burton made it a daily practice to cultivate habits of stoicism with respect to bearing physical or mental discomfort; and during the time I knew him he certainly bore his many attacks of suffering with remarkable fortitude, and without complaint.

At all crises of his life, even when the weight and friction

of years, constant toil and worries innumerable had left their indelible marks, I believe Burton to have been absolutely fearless, both in a moral and physical sense. More than that, I believe he did his utmost on all occasions to help those who happened to be his companions in the midst of perils. I myself have been with him in the hour of danger, and can bear personal witness that his habitual cool-headed courage never deserted him.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say Sir Richard never performed an act nor conceived an idea quite in the same way as such acts and such thoughts would have been conceived or carried out by others. And this was specially apparent when he was defining his own concepts. Though to describe this peculiarity fully and accurately is, I fear, impossible, it was obvious to anyone who was much in his company, and may be inferred from the fact that he was largely dominated by various Eastern modes of expression and was specially susceptible to the influence of sounds. The words, phrasing, and style of the Old Testament, of Shakespeare, and of Chaucer were peculiarly sympathetic to him, as were those of other works usually regarded as archaic in their diction and construction. To Burton, as to many of us, the sound of numerous modern words caused mental distress, while certain of these even brought about a feeling closely akin to pain. I have actually known his health injuriously affected not only by such sounds but also (as is so often the case with certain animals) by various combinations of musical notes not generally regarded as either unpleasant or harmful.

In this relation I may mention that he had the Eastern's full and discriminating colour-sense, being always attracted or repelled by specific pigments, and most certainly both his health and his spirits were much influenced by the prevailing hue of his surroundings.

In like manner, of the many languages Burton knew there was one at least—German—he habitually avoided speaking, chiefly on account of its unpleasant sound. Indeed, during our many travels in Austria I do not remember one single instance when he voluntarily spoke this tongue, and that too although he daily read the local newspapers. His own explanation to me was that German always greatly irritated his brain and obscured his judgment. It has certainly greatly irritated the brains of a good many other people since those far-off peaceful days he and I together spent in Austria!

With regard to Sir Richard's extraordinary linguistic abilities, the statement has several times lately been made in print (without, however, any adequate evidence in proof of it), that he was not really so profound a scholar in certain languages, notably in Arabic and in Persian, as were some of his contemporaries.

Whether this statement be literally true or not is, of course, a matter of no moment. But what does matter, and especially distinguishes Burton's powers as a linguist from those of others who might possibly be accounted his rivals, is that while he knew very thoroughly, not only one or two or three, but some thirty or more languages and dialects, he could also speak them with the appropriate gestures, inflexions, accent, and mode of address such as would be employed by natives of the country to which each belonged, and that, too, whether those natives were educated or illiterate. As a consequence, one can be perfectly certain Burton would never do so foolish a thing as I remember a well-known university 'scholar' doing who made an oration to a large crowd of modern Greeks in ancient Greek, and employed, moreover, the then orthodox Oxford accent and our own special insular gestures!

As I myself can vouch, Sir Richard was able not only to carry on long conversations with learned Orientals—no less than with Western foreigners—in their own tongue on subjects of deep interest and profound learning, but could with equal facility speak numerous dialects, in which he would unmercifully chaff the most ignorant natives, freely employing the slang of the bazaars and the streets.

For myself, it was a wonderfully interesting experience to be near Burton when amongst Bedouins or other Mohammedans while he discussed deep topics of religion and history with their sheikhs or indulged in polite intercourse with the ordinary members of a tribe.

In this connexion the following incident may be instructive. Once while in London Burton was aboard a Thames steamer when a stranger came up to him and commenced speaking very slowly a 'language' not one sentence of which could Sir Richard understand. Seeing this, the stranger said in English 'Are you not the celebrated Oriental scholar and linguist, Richard Burton?' 'Certainly,' he replied, 'that is my name.' 'Then,' continued the stranger, 'may I ask how it is you do not understand Persian when I speak it to you?' 'Oh,' said Burton, 'was it Persian you were speaking? I really must apologise for not recognising it as such, but the fact is I only know the language as it is spoken and written

in Persia by Persians !' In the result it was discovered that the stranger was a well-known retired manufacturer who had devoted his leisure to teaching himself Persian from books and without the help of a native, or, indeed, any kind of master !

Another example of Burton's wonderful and efficient knowledge of languages (and, incidentally, of his partiality for practical joking) may be given. One day at Trieste there drifted into lunch, after a preliminary visit to the Consulate, a patriarchal, white-bearded professor from one of our Irish centres of learning, who, as he told us, had passed the greater part of his life teaching Latin and Greek. Listening to the conversation on general subjects between Burton and his guest, I was somewhat surprised to hear the former leave off speaking English and substitute Latin. An astonished and not too happy expression spread over the Professor's face as he began a laboured reply. This, however, he very soon dropped and exclaimed 'If you don't mind, Sir Richard, we will continue our conversation in English !'

In the matter of dress Burton embodied the unconventional in both style and colour. He took little note of changes in the fashions, preferring always what was most comfortable and suitable to his needs. He abhorred dress-clothes and the wearing of waist-coats (he usually discarded the latter entirely), while he clung with enthusiastic loyalty to the tall, grey broad-brimmed hat of a former generation.

A great deal has been said and written concerning Burton's impulsive and violent temper, and of his alleged habit of quarrelling without reasonable cause with even his best friends. And in all probability there is a certain measure of truth in these accusations—that is to say, during his tempestuous youth and up to a few years before his serious illness at Cannes. After that event, and throughout the time I knew him, he took life with philosophic calm, and was for the most part cheerful, considerate, and equable in temper. Much even of the former mental conditions can, I consider, be explained by his lifelong obsession for assuming poses intentionally to lead others to believe he was in reality the 'Ruffian Dick' of tradition, filled with diabolical wickedness and possessed of a fiendish genius for indulging in fiery outbursts of rage and 'blazing indiscretions.'

Several of Burton's quarrels have become almost classical, of which his troubles with Speke and with Grant are perhaps the best known. Another that has been often quoted is interesting if only

for the reason that at a private dinner party, and in the presence of a number of prominent people, he deliberately gave the lie to his official chief, who was one of the company, on account of some opinions which that distinguished Cabinet Minister, with his habitual volubility, had just uttered.

A less known but very typical instance of Sir Richard's life-long fight on the side of truth and decent public and private living is seen in an incident that took place shortly after one of his returns to London. Having accepted an invitation to be present at a large reception given, as he understood, in his honour by a much-travelled and very popular peer, he arrived at the latter's house at the time appointed. Here he was cordially received by his host, who conducted him into a *salon* filled with the invited guests, and after a short conversation, introduced him to a distinguished-looking man with the remark, 'Allow me to present you to your fellow-lion, Mr. ————'

Burton, ignoring the outstretched hand, and putting his own hands behind his back, looked the stranger full in the face and sternly said, 'Mr. ————, when I am in Persia I may be a Persian, when I am in Arabia I may be an Arabian, but when I am in England I am an English gentleman,' and turning his back, deliberately marched out of the room and out of the house. It is needless to say the sensation that ensued was profound and led to all kinds of rumours. These, however, were quickly solved when public apologies for having sponsored 'the other lion' appeared from various quarters in the Press, where the announcement was shortly made that a warrant was out for his apprehension. The man, fortunately for himself, at once fled the country, and although an extremely scholarly and polished individual, it soon became known he was one with whom no self-respecting person would care to shake hands. Burton's encyclopaedic information included the black *dossiers* of many of those we in England were ready to receive with open arms, as is too often our hospitable but foolish custom.

It is not my purpose, as obviously it is not within my capacity, to discuss, or even to enumerate, Burton's works, much less to criticise his learning in the many fields—be they well-tilled or fallow—he so thoroughly traversed and enriched, nor to examine his achievements as an explorer. Had all others whose capacity was equally defective followed a like course, it would have been better for Burton's memory, and far better for the interests of truth and honesty.

Burton's general outlook on life was one of broad tolerance for

the opinions and frailties of others, no matter how widely they differed from his own. To this an exception must be made in the case of one particular category in which he placed prudes, prigs, pharisees, politicians, and publishers! Of these latter a punning acquaintance of Burton's was once pleased to observe that Sir Richard's pugnacity and impatience would always make him a foe to Peace!

So also it must be admitted that Burton invariably found it a great trial to his habitual courtesy to remain civil to that large class of our race who have been reared under the numbing restraints of a narrow conventionality, and whom he was never weary of shocking by sudden outbursts of assumed 'frightfulness' in manner and speech.

Unfortunately for his well-being, Sir Richard was markedly deficient in the commercial faculty—so far, that is, as it related to the making of money, a fault, if it be a fault, that distinguished him from some of his later contemporaries. For him it was always the object to be obtained and the means of obtaining it, rather than the reward for so doing, that attracted him, though the existence of serious obstacles in the path of an enterprise also doubtless urged him to undertake and carry it through to a successful termination. He told me that for lack of a few pounds on more than one occasion he had to abandon a promising expedition or other undertaking.

From the great majority of Burton's books (and over these he literally spent the best he could give in the matter of time, talent, and labour) he actually received little or no profit, and not till the 'Thousand Nights and a Night' appeared did he derive anything at all commensurate with his work.

On the other hand, I well remember the publication of a much-advertised book by one of the foremost of the new type of explorers that was simply crammed with obvious mistakes, chiefly through lack of knowledge and haste in compiling. Shortly after its appearance Sir Richard met the author, and in my presence asked him, in his usual frank way, why on earth he had brought out a work so overflowing with gross blunders. To this the sole reply was, 'I made' (naming a very large sum of money) out of that book.' Burton simply shrugged his shoulders and contemptuously murmured, 'Ah, just so.'

Loyalty—that 'Aristocrat of the Virtues,' as dear Mrs. Lynn Linton used to call it—was another of Sir Richard's prominent characteristics. In my own experience of him—and this was

doubtless true of his whole life—he ever remained faithful to a person or a cause to which he had once given his friendship or his support, though, unhappily, on many occasions he was forced to lament the perfidy of those he had generously assisted.

Many years ago, when staying in Rome, I happened to meet a very distinguished retired diplomat who had then just published his exceedingly interesting autobiography. In discussing this he mentioned he had included in it a list of those celebrated people who were born in 1821, and whose numbers made that year specially remarkable. He concluded by observing that, curiously enough, both Burton and he were born in 1821! It would, I think, be interesting, though not altogether pleasing to the people concerned, were a second list compiled showing the names of those who owed much of their fame and fortune in after life to Sir Richard's help and advice.

I have seldom met anyone who possessed in greater degree the Heaven-sent gift of winning the respect and the enthusiastic friendship of others than did Sir Richard Burton. There seemed, indeed, to be a special bond that bound him to his friends—a tested chain of gold and steel which knitted them together and symbolised Loyalty, Self-sacrifice, and Endurance.

In his dealings with women of whatever class Sir Richard was invariably courteous and considerate in his manner and kind and informative in his conversation, beneath which there ever flowed a quiet current of raillery and cynicism that, although it never intentionally hurt, very often greatly amused those to whom it was addressed. And even with them apparently he found it impossible entirely to suppress his habitual propensity for practical joking. This usually took the form of writing in ladies' albums (and he was inundated with requests of this nature) Eastern proverbs or quotations in Arabic characters which, had their fair recipients been able to translate, they would have found very far from being complimentary to their sex.

In private life, even more than in his published writings, Sir Richard never wearied of preaching against the evils of ignorance, and that too despite the abuse showered upon him for his maintaining these views by a section of the community, if not large or influential, certainly a loud-voiced, raucous, and extremely narrow-minded one. As might be expected, the chief attacks of this kind centred their violence on his works relating to the social life of the East, and more especially on the 'Arabian Nights' and on the 'Scented Garden.'

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Too much has already been published concerning the former, and with regard to the latter it will suffice to say that it would be difficult to explain upon what grounds Burton's edition of the 'Scented Garden' could justifiably be abused, seeing that in fact Sir Richard, myself, and one, or possibly two others, were the only persons acquainted with its actual contents! It was this work by which Burton believed he would be best remembered after his death; it not only contained, as I know, the substance of his whole immense and unique knowledge of the Orient, but was also a perfect compendium of information relating to the outlook of the East upon the rest of the world. It was, in fact, one of the few absolutely essential books in the English language—essential, that is, to all those who are called upon to rule and govern the many millions of our fellow-subjects who inhabit our vast and varied Eastern Empire. To Sir Richard it was a crime of the first magnitude that we should continue year after year to send out to posts of importance in the government of these lands men so largely unequipped with those special forms of knowledge which must be acquired if they are to appreciate the natives' points of view throughout our extraordinarily complex possessions in Asia and Africa. The grave state of things that prevails in India and Egypt is but one of the vivid, graphic, and sinister witnesses to the truth of Burton's opinions and the value of his neglected advice.

However violent Burton may have been in his earlier days, he was passionate only in temper (and very seldom even in that), being otherwise an exceptionally continent man and one who regarded sexual subjects with the level impartiality of the British scientist, strongly tinged with the cynical humour of the Oriental. Neither was he in any sense a degenerate or a debauchee, but rather a thoroughly virile and healthy-minded, keen student of those who were, and especially of the distal and proximal causes leading to these morbid mental developments.

Out of the many interesting past events that recur to memory when writing about Burton's life as I knew it I would like further to include mention of a few, because they specially focus brightly some particular phase of his character.

During one of his many severe bouts of ill-health his wife, without informing either her husband or anyone else, impulsively wrote to the then premier, Lord Salisbury, and asked if, in the event of the death of one of our Ministers to a country in which Burton specially wanted to be appointed, and who was reported in the papers to be

very seriously ill, he would give the post to her husband. She showed me Lord Salisbury's holograph reply, which so impressed me with the epigrammatic manner in which it expressed the official view of Burton's superpatriotic modes of diplomacy, that I believe I am quoting it almost word for word.

The letter ran :

DEAR LADY BURTON,—As Her Majesty's Ministers have no immediate intention of annexing —— to the Crown of the British Empire, I would not feel justified, should a vacancy occur, in proposing your husband as Minister in that locality.

I am, &c.,

SALISBURY.

I quote this letter also because it has recently appeared in print, where its author was given as Lord Russell, a mistake that entirely does away with its real point.

I commenced these reminiscences by laying stress on Sir Richard's great and often quixotic kindness of heart as exemplified in his behaviour at our first meeting. Before closing them I would like to give a still greater instance of his consideration for others by a reference to the last time we were together.

On the morning of October 20, 1890, at Trieste, Burton was seized with a very severe heart attack from which he succumbed within a short time. Hearing his struggles to breathe, Lady Burton rushed to his bedside, and seeing how grave his condition was, immediately started to fetch me. This, however, her husband emphatically forbade her to do, murmuring 'Poor chap, he has been suffering all day from neuralgia; don't disturb him.' Thus precious time was lost the while his life rapidly ebbed from him. At length, when he seemed nearly unable to breathe at all, Lady Burton hurried away to summon me. I immediately did all that I could to revive him, but, alas, it was too late, and presently he groaned 'My God, I am a dead man,' and falling into our supporting arms, expired. Of course it is impossible to say whether I could have saved him had I been called earlier, but I had managed to do so on several previous occasions, and it is difficult to avoid the belief that had Sir Richard been less considerate for others and thought more of his own critical condition, he might have enjoyed a further spell of life, if not of complete health and strength.

The passage of many years has in no way dimmed or destroyed

the conceptions I formed of Burton's character as it manifested itself during the period of my long and close association with him.

Like Gordon, Burton was endowed with a special measure of zeal for the cause of right, justice, freedom, and sane living; so, too, he possessed his vision splendid to foresee some of Futurity's secrets, but unlike Gordon, and like Roberts and Kitchener, this, I believe, was due less to occult workings than to his extraordinary brain powers which enabled him to select and arrange causative factors and correlate the resulting stream of effects with truth and rapidity.

To me Sir Richard Burton is still the highest exponent I have ever encountered of all that is broad-minded, unselfish, honourable, and entirely lovable. And far more than this, I know from the experiences I have gathered during my many wanderings in many foreign lands, as well as while travelling in my own, that he is still held in affectionate remembrance by large numbers of people who are able to appreciate his unusual nobility of mind and distinction of character, and who can recognise his career of patriotic self-sacrifice and his lifelong enthusiasm for the work rather than for the wages of greatness.

PLANTS AS INVENTORS.

BY CLARA BOYLE.

I.

A FEW months ago, a Stuttgart firm of publishers brought out a small book, which is bound to attract attention in this country as well as in Germany. Under the title of 'Biotechnik,' it deals with the wonderful mechanical achievements of the plant. The author, Dr. R. Francé of Munich, is an eminent scientist who has devoted his life to the study of vegetable and animal organisms. Many fascinating books on these subjects have emanated from his pen, and the present little volume is only an extract from a more extensive and detailed work published in 1919. In this limited space, however, he has been able to give in a concise form a survey showing all the more salient points of his general outlook, without bewildering the ordinary reader with too much technical detail.

In these pages Dr. Francé reduces all organic phenomena—with which he classifies humanity itself—to the comprehensive law of Adaptation to Necessity, in other words, that necessity alone creates the perfectly adapted functional formation of any organism. Further, he strikes a new note by displaying the plant's absolute superiority over us, in our invention in every form of mechanical construction, so that we can do no better than copy, in our industrial activities, the models with which Nature has provided us. He opens before us vistas of a great and not too distant era, when, by the aid of our new knowledge, we shall have found the best mechanism, the best solution for any mechanical or scientific problem which may confront us; when we shall be able to adapt to our uses latent powers still undreamt of, thus revolutionising our whole industrial life.

Dr. Francé warns us that his book, being the first of its kind and entirely based on his own research work, must be regarded only as a pioneer, as the preliminary step towards more exact knowledge. Some scientific details of his assertions may subsequently have to undergo modification or correction; he shows us the way, illuminated by the light of his new theory, and it may be hoped that other men of science will follow on the lines of investigation which he has indicated.

Dr. Francé had been studying the effects of various inoculations upon soil; for the purpose of his experiments it was essential to scatter the particles of soil with perfect evenness over a sheet of paper. He had tried to make use of ordinary salt-casters, but to his disappointment he found that these distributed the grains very unevenly and in lines. It occurred to him that Nature, from necessity, must have found a means to scatter seeds and spores evenly into the air, and that therefore he had only to look to Nature to provide him with a model for an efficient castor. He looked around, and found the poppy-head; here the little holes are arranged in a ring, like windows under the eaves of a roof, below the circular lid of the seed vessel, and this small divergence from an ordinary salt-castor, in which the top is perforated, sufficed to render possible a perfectly even scattering of the particles. By means of this poppy-head, Dr. Francé not only discovered a new and excellent salt-castor—for which, by the way, he was able to take out a patent—but an altogether new branch of biostatical science.

Dr. Francé reasons thus: By the law of Nature, every organism has only one *perfect* shape, its *optimum*, which alone corresponds to its essential character, and when changing conditions cast it out of this perfect shape there follows not a state of rest but processes of evolution. This evolution continues by force of the fundamental law until, through constant scrapping of inefficient forms, the *optimum*, the perfect state of quiescence, is again reached, in which form and being are one. Thus we have a constant selection, and all imperfect forms undergo modification until they reach their *optimum*—that is, become perfect.

All modifications are, however, accomplished in accordance with the economic law of the minimum of effort, and the shortest way by which an evolution reaches its end is its law of Nature. In accordance with this law, the return to the *optimum* occurs always by the shortest way. The minimum of effort is effected when one equals one, because identity is at that same time the shortest way to itself. Thus the *optimum* is also the shape involving the least exertion of effort.

Every stage of evolution has necessarily its own functional form, which it creates for itself as an attempt towards the solution of each recurring problem—the perfect shape. Each form is only the materialised momentary picture in a process of evolution: cooling is only brought about through contact with cooling surfaces; pressure only occasioned by pressure points; strain through tracts of

strain ; motion creates forms of motion ; each kind of energy produces its own form of energy.

Life too has its own particular form, and the individuate form of life is the protoplasm in its functional shape—the cell. Thus we may say that the cell is the functional form of life. Before reaching a definite shape, the cell must have the power to adopt any shape ; for this reason the protoplasm is fluid and elastic, is amoeboid. Being of no definite shape, its gelatinous substance is the functionally perfect form of unlimited movement ; accordingly, each movement produces its own perfectly adapted shape : fingerlike processes for crawling, a wavily-edged mass for floating, the *flagella* for purposes of rapid swimming.

In respect to every function the cell possesses in itself the means of developing the requisite machinery. When in the state of absolute rest it reverts to the original shape of all—the sphere. In the sphere, outer and inner pressure are completely harmonised, and a multitude of processes of evolution become quiescent. The sphere realises the ideal of the least exertion of effort. Therefore, every organism can necessarily only attain the state of complete rest, and the relaxation of all inner tension, when it has reached the shape of the sphere. This law is true for celestial bodies and world systems as well as for any substance on our globe ; it penetrates right through our civilisation, through all conceptions of the human mind ; whenever an assembly of human beings want to take an equal part at any proceeding, they must form a circle.

Thus the properties dictate the shape, and, conversely, we are able to deduce from the shape the functions which are the cause of the form. Whatever may be the form, it is always the outcome of necessity.

A definite system of tension, varying in a hundred different ways, is expressed by the corresponding shape of the crystal. Wherever the same tasks have to be fulfilled by strain and pressure, the same form of crystal is produced, whether this be hidden within the core of a cast-iron girder, in the rigid, porphyry rock 3000 feet beneath the surface of the earth, or, as cellular substance, in the green stalk of the plant. The same principle applies also to the creations of human endeavour : no wooden block, no brick, nor piece of glass, develops the character inherent in a cube or a prism until we have given it the shape of a cube or prism. We must perforce imitate Nature in order to bestow upon our work the properties of Nature.

It is for this reason that every object which is intended as an instrument for pulling or stretching operations must needs have the shape of a band ; muscles and sinews in the human and animal body, *fibrillae*, the minute elastic fibres secreted within spongin cells for the purpose of drawing the two halves of the nucleus asunder, ropes, reins, transmission-belts—in the infinite variety of such draught functions there returns again and again, as by law, the same characteristic shape, *the band*.

Every object which needs support must receive that support by means of a *staff*. The old man leans on his stick, the temple roof rests on a row of columns, which are virtually only thick staves. We find the staff again in the trunk of a tree, in the blade of corn, in our own thigh-bone.

Every object which is intended to penetrate, to bore, must have the shape of a *screw*. By means of this shape the tiny bacteria penetrate their world, the drop of water. The fruit of the maple tree possesses light screw-like wings which serve the purpose of transmission through the air not unlike the propellers of aeroplanes, or the gigantic screw of the ocean steamer twisting through the water. It is by reason of its shape that the gimlet is able to penetrate wood more easily than the nail, and the screw bites tighter than the plug. Thus we recognise the fundamental law that movement by spiral line overcomes resistance more easily than movement by straight line, and therefore movement is more frequent when the shape is adapted to the spiral than otherwise. The obstacles which a moving object has to encounter conduct it automatically towards the shape involving the minimum effort—that is, the spiral or screw shape, and each type of movement moulds its own perfectly adapted organ of movement.

Crystal, sphere, plane, staff, band, screw, and cone—these are the fundamental functional forms of the whole world. These suffice for every process of evolution towards the construction of every perfectly adapted shape, of every individual *optimum*. All existing substances must be based on these seven fundamental shapes, as Nature has not produced any others ; let the human mind create what it will, it can only achieve variations of these seven forms ; it cannot get beyond them.

Let us examine one of the beautiful houses of the late Middle Ages. We measure it and find that it is a cube, upon which rests the roof as a prism ; the walls are planes ; the spiral lines of the screw are repeated in the volutes of the gable ; the window-frames

are formed by staves ; the entrance hall is supported by columns—that is, round staves ; a sphere crowns the turret. Everything in this beautiful old building can be deduced from the seven fundamental forms.

We take a bluebell, and on analysing it we see that leaves and petals are planes ; the roundness of the sphere, the shape of the cone, are joined with planes in its corolla ; screw-lines and spiral planes are repeated in ornamental coils ; the stalk is a staff. Again we find the seven fundamental forms, very much modified and complicated, it is true, but still they remain as the seven constructive parts of the world.

We try to refute the above definition, but are baffled on every side. As a last resource, we consider a masterpiece of human intelligence, a modern steam-engine. Here are wedges, screws, bolts, rivets, pins, axle-shafts, axle-bearings, couplings, cog-wheels, chains, pistons, piston-rods, piston-rod heads, piston-rod collars, cranks, eccentrics, connecting-rods, cylinders, tubes, and valves. We measure each contrivance by our seven fundamental shapes, and each one resolves itself into either plane, staff, screw, crystal form, cone, or spherical surface. Even the most uncommon parts, as the hyperbola-wheel used in weaving machines, are comprised in the shape of the screw, as used also by Nature.

Mechanical science is not acquainted with a single model which cannot be traced back to Nature. Here is a law so great that it reduces engineering, industry and architecture, art and science, even minerals, stones, mountains, and celestial bodies—in short, all existing substances—to one uniform definition. The same mechanical law governs identically all forms of life. *The laws of least resistance and of the minimum of effort require that the same activities lead always to the same forms, and that all evolution must proceed within the scope of the seven fundamental shapes.*

It is impossible even to touch upon all the divisions of Nature's gigantic museum of mechanical formations ; but there are six departments which show us, as under a flashlight, the inner meaning of biostatical plant-life. These are, the large central department of the plant-cell and the smaller one of the Flagellates, that of the *Diatomaceae*, and lastly the subdivisions of the leaf, the stem, and the fruit.

We find our Flagellates mostly in stagnant water, where vegetable matter has been allowed to decompose. They are unicellular organisms ; some, of green or gold-brown colour, live as plants ;

others are transparent and, being extremely voracious, are generally stuffed full with the bodies of other unicellular plants.

Both the vegetable and animal Flagellates are forced to swim throughout their existence. For the former it is a necessity of life as enabling them to follow the light, to rise and sink in the water as the sun shines through its depths. The latter, like all beasts of prey, dart like arrows upon their victims, which they are often able to catch only after prolonged and skilful pursuit.

Both species have solved the mechanical problem of swimming ; in fact, the animal Flagellates have developed into a swimming mechanism pure and simple.

The law of least resistance has moulded their bodies invariably into the narrow shape of a ship, best adapted to cut a way through the water. The tail is often drawn out into a long keel (Plate I. fig. 12) ; when required for purposes of stability, a special keel has been provided (Plate I. fig. 2), and thus our ships and submarines imitate only the principle of the plasm. In place of the keel, we often find a most peculiar contrivance, of which use has for some time past been made by our airships, and it would be well worth while to try the same model in the construction of sea-going ships. The *Anisonema* (Plate I. fig. 3) does not possess a special shape for swimming purposes, as it has made use of another device. On the lower part of its body there is a long furrow, twisted like a screw, from which hangs a long thread ; this thread is a rudder, and serves for the purposes of steering and greater stability. It is extraordinarily interesting to watch the manœuvres of this tiny creature—only $\frac{1}{10}$ mm. in length—and to see the confident certainty with which it swims, turns, stops, and masters its element.

These furrows and notches are repeated in the case of a great many Flagellates, especially those belonging to the Monad group, the swiftest and most ravenous robbers amongst the animalculæ. They often flash with such velocity across our field of vision that, but for a shining track, nothing would reveal their existence. One representative of this group, *Tetramitus costatus*, is shown in Plate I. fig. 12. Its shape is not known in naval architecture ; when however its proportions were enlarged to the scale of the underwater part of a ship's hull, and shown to an expert, the latter declared that on the basis of such a model a faster type of ship could indeed be constructed, or, if the speed were to remain the same, a considerable economy in coal could be effected. There is no doubt that the naval architecture of the future will have good cause to

study the multitude of strangely shaped Flagellates and Infusoria (see Plate I. figs. 1, 7). There, under our very eyes, are airship

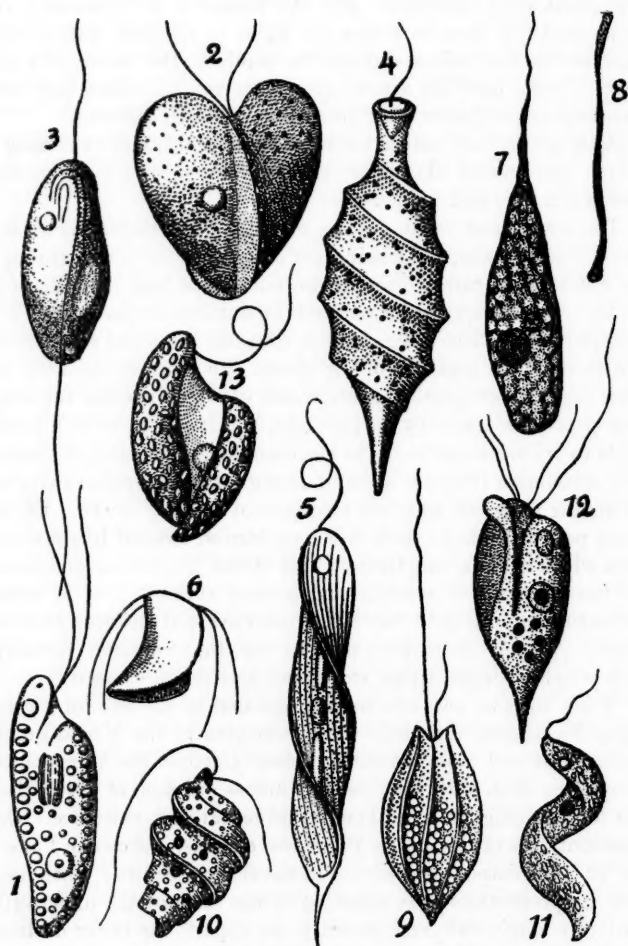


PLATE I.—Forms of Flagellates.

and naval models, the efficiency of which has been proved through existence itself and by practical use during millions of years ;

selection has been intensified to an infinite extent by the struggle for life ; and each individual structural shape is being so constantly tested as to its efficiency, and has to endure so much competition, that only models which represent, so to speak, the *optimum*, can exist and propagate.

When considering these unicellular mechanisms, we must not forget that their locomotive power is somewhat different from ours. Since remotest times, we have had only one means for working our way forward through the water, namely, by a rowing motion, whereby we occasion laterally a slightly spiral eddy, the backwash of which impels the vessel forward. This action would, however, merely force it into a circle, and in order to avoid this result we must row on both sides, and also divert the eddy by means of a keel, or by the addition of a rudder which carries on the effect of the keel. The body of the Flagellates is also propelled forward, and that by means of a most peculiar rudder, the construction and effect of which, as well as its true significance, we are only able to recognise at the present time by the light of our new system of biostatics.

This rudder is called the *flagellum*, and hitherto we had taken it to be merely a simple filament, curved like a whip (Plate I. fig. 3). The Flagellates are furnished with from one to eight *flagella*, which are attached to various parts of the body, but generally found at the fore-part. Some of these *flagella*, as for instance the long trailing whip of the *Anisonema* (Plate I. fig. 3), do not serve for purposes of locomotion, but only as rudders and balance. These are of different construction from the other organs of locomotion ; they are not threads but flat bands, exactly like oars (Plate I. figs. 7, 8). They are of slightly spiral formation, and produce by their motion a distinct screw-like eddy which pushes the body steadily forward. Two, or even four, such *flagella* sometimes work together in perfect harmony (Plate I. figs. 6, 12).

We are only just beginning to study these Flagellates from the point of view of the naval architect, but we have already discovered that the '*flagellum-screw*' solves in an ideally economic way the problem of locomotion in regard to ships. Whilst we have to construct engines of 40,000 to 70,000 horse-power, and consume an enormous amount of coal, in order to propel a ship, say 600 feet long, at a speed of 23 knots, i.e., some 36 feet, about $\frac{1}{17}$ of its length, a second, a tiny Monad, $\frac{1}{100}$ mm. long, is able to cover 20 mm. a second, or 2000 times its own length ; whereas, on the basis of the powers at our disposal, and allowing for the proportionate

resistance against the motion, it would only be able to cover 4.2 mm. an hour. By means of its 'flagellum-screw' this little creature is thus enabled to attain proportionately a swiftness several thousand times in excess of that of our ships, although it only uses the upper part of its *flagella*, thus bringing into play only a small portion of its full powers.

Such speed means a tremendous increase of the resistance exerted by the water against the motion. As we already know, this resistance is most effectively diverted by means of a tapering and spiral shape of the body. This spiral twist is so general with the Flagellates, and also with the swiftest of all Bacteria, the *Vibrio Spirillae*, that we cannot but recognise how very important and efficient this shape must necessarily be for the attainment of the highest excellence in swimming. Our mechanical science cannot afford to overlook this advantage in the construction of torpedoes and submarines, just as we have already made use of the same principle, to the improvement of shell-speed and trajectory, in the spirally rifled cannon-bore, without suspecting that from earliest times we have had the very best models beside us in the drop of water.

The modern engineer, however, looks down with contempt on ordinary screw-models, and swears by the present-day invention, the turbine ship. But Nature in her showrooms presents us with a special collection of turbines and turbine-ships, worthy to be copied by man.

We find the best models in the deep sea, where the greatest efficiency in swimming is required. These are tiny transparent plants of a golden tinge, not more than a fraction of a millimetre in length, and known by the collective name of *Peridinia*, or wreath-animalculae. They are of quaint but attractive appearance, and their life is full of adventure. They float in the water, unattached, always keeping a few feet below the surface, where they are not exposed to the destructive waves and yet can find enough light for their existence. The farther away from the coast, the more secure they are from the grinding of the surf.

They have produced most complicated structural developments in order to keep floating at a certain depth. They are unicellular and with a few exceptions [such as that shown in Plate II. fig. 4], they are enveloped in a membrane of pure cellulose; in this outer covering they have at their disposal a very plastic building material of excellent qualities. This they use for the construction of a

guideway, which forces the surrounding water into certain tracks. Let us look more closely at Plate II. figs. 1 and 4. Even without being engineers, we can recognise beyond doubt that any oblique current, diverted by this special construction into spiral lines, must inevitably through its own force cause the whole body to rotate. This movement, being retrograde, has the effect of making the *Peridinium* rise in spiral lines. The guideway narrows down towards the end of its path (Plate II. figs. 1, 4 and 2), and by this means

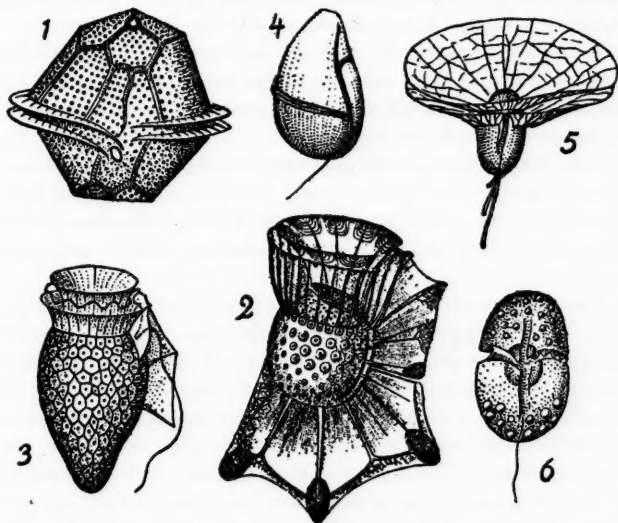


PLATE II.—Marine Peridinia as Natural Models of Turbines.

the in-flowing current is somewhat retarded before being able to leave it. Thus a retrograde high pressure is occasioned, an economically valuable factor as causing greater speed in the movement of the cell. By means of this construction, the work effected is greater than the corresponding movement operating upon it—that is to say, the mechanical effort is less than the resulting mechanical power.

We know that the system of turbines is based upon exactly the same principle—namely, by means of a guideway of spiral construction, the guide-wheel, water is conducted under high pressure upon a tread-wheel, which, by its rotation, releases active force.

But the little cell does not only, as we do, make the force of running water serviceable to its end ; it achieves an even greater victory over matter. It is heavier than the water, and thus through its own weight it sinks slowly to the bottom, even when not accelerated by any movement of the water. Balance, keel, and rudder enable the little plant always to maintain the same position, as shown in the diagram (Plate II. figs. 2 and 5). In this position, the rising water-current, produced by the sinking of the plant, is diverted spirally through the guideway, assisted by a vertical channel connected with its horizontal groove. Owing to the narrowing of the guideway, high pressure is again generated ; this high pressure acts as a brake, and has even the active effect of causing the little machine to rise again till the high pressure is exhausted and the sinking process begins anew.

Thus the *Peridinium* cell rises and falls constantly in the water, whilst remaining always close below the surface as required by the necessities of its existence. *In this tiny plasm-apparatus, the size of a grain of sand, we meet a new construction, hitherto unknown in our industrial life.*

The *Diatomaceae*, or siliceous *Bacillariae*, afford us the opportunity of studying yet another contrivance. These are golden-yellow, and their multitude is such that, in combination with the natural blue of the sea, they produce the green colour effect. They too are unicellular plants, and the largest amongst them are only just visible as a grain of dust ; but as they inhabit the sea, as well as all fertile land, in inconceivable quantities, they form together the largest organic mass which plasm has produced on our globe, and may therefore be termed the real masters of the earth. There are more than 6000 varieties of *Diatomaceae*, each, in its different way, of exquisite beauty, but unfortunately they have hitherto been studied only on account of the aesthetic pleasure which their contemplation affords us, and with complete disregard of their value as structural masterpieces of creative life.

These plants live in their own coffin, which is incorruptible and remains for millions of years after their death ; it is of rock-crystal, and to this fact its special solidity is due.

According to our theory of the *optimum*—the perfect adaptation to requirements—it follows that such solidity must be one of the 'necessary' qualities of this siliceous crust, and that the solidity is obtained in the most economic way through a minimum of effort.

Whilst the crust must be solid, it must, on the other hand, also be light, because the *Diatomaceae* swim and crawl about with great

vivacity. This is the double problem which the *Diatomaceae* solve as by a stroke of genius.

The first question—How is it possible to swim whilst always carrying one's own coffin?—is answered in a comprehensible and up-to-date way: one travels in a ship furnished with self-generated locomotion.

The crystal shell is a submarine of a peculiar kind; it is constructed like a box, composed of a lower part and a cover fitting over it. There is a groove running lengthways both in the lower part and in the cover. This groove, known to science as the *raphe*, terminates in spiral coils at both ends of the little boat. By forcing the water through the end-coils of the *raphe*, the diatom effects, as under the principle of reaction-tubes, a turbine-like action which drives it forward. The *Diatomaceae* swim in fact fairly fast and with a jerky movement, thus proving the efficiency of their mechanism.

By the aid of this contrivance, a crystal boat of extraordinary dimensions is able to generate its own locomotive power. We know of some *Diatomaceae* which, with a breadth of only $\frac{2}{1000}$ mm. are $\frac{1}{2}$ mm. in length. On the basis of these proportions, a ship, $3\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres in length and 15 metres broad, would move automatically through the ocean. After careful measurement it was found that some of these tiny unicells are able to cover 1 centimetre, or 20 times their length, in 12 seconds. Translated into ordinary ship-measures, this would mean that a vessel 200 metres (650 feet) in length would cover in 12 seconds 4 kilometres, say $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Locomotion, however, is only one of the two problems which the *Diatomaceae* have had to solve. The second question relates to the solidity of their crystal shell, and we are endeavouring to ascertain how far it is possible to combine swift locomotion with indestructible solidity.

We should first of all understand why the diatom's crust must be solid. The original home of these organisms is not really the deep sea and the pond. Their true abode is the soil, or, rather, the minute water-filled cracks in the clay soil of meadows, fields, and waste lands. Their boat shape, their sensitive apparatus for utilising even the smallest quantity of light, their locomotive power, and lastly, their solid shell, are all adapted to life in these crevices, where water only stands for a short time after a rainfall; after a week's drought they close, and would inevitably crush their small inhabitants if these were not protected by their

indestructible armour. These skeletons have to withstand incredible pressure. They have been so continuously tested and weeded out that the survivors are absolute masterpieces of resistance, and this resistance has been heightened by means of stiffeners, bands and beltings, strengthened edges and supports—in fact by all the contrivances which man uses in those of his constructions where pressure has to be resisted.

The land types of these *Diatomaceae* well deserve our study, for a structure which, in spite of its thin material, is able to withstand so high a degree of pressure—probably amounting to many atmospheres—must be of use in our practical life. Moreover, from the many hundreds of structural types which have been realised in the formation of the *Diatomaceae*, we are able to select the very best models of the highest power of resistance, embodying at the same time the greatest economy in building material, and thus resulting in cheapest construction.

Through the necessity of making its protective shell as light as possible, the diatom cell has achieved even this principle of the cheapest construction. To this end it has built a framework, leaving only the most essential pressure-points and stiffeners, and dispensing with all unnecessary walls and panels. Here again it offers us a model, more especially in connexion with bridge construction, and that branch of architecture which is concerned with the erection of pressure-resisting buildings. It combines exquisite beauty with perfect mechanical structure in the style which we admire in Gothic and Venetian edifices, where the necessary structural lines have been so conceived as to produce artistic effects.

The elementary assertion, that the plant-cell is a building-stone in the great association of large many-celled vegetable organisms, contains in itself the basis of our new science of biostatics—the functional mechanism of organic life. But hitherto the mental connexion has been missing, which gave us knowledge to recognise its full significance, and with it the courage to apply it in *practice* to industrial life. We have discovered nothing that is really new, and much had long been recognised in principle, as, for instance, the T-shaped girders and other mechanical structures in stalks and stems, the clockwork pulsation in flowers, the floating apparatus of the *Plankton-algae*, the construction of bones and joints.

Each cell is a hollow brick, and its walls possess various remarkable and most valuable mechanical properties.

Man's edifices are generally built with solid bricks of less perfect

properties, and it is only recently that we have recognised the advantage of the hollow brick. It is light and, according to the requirements of the season, warm and cool, whilst it is more economical than the solid brick, which, for certain special purposes, is also occasionally made use of by the plant.

We can only burn our bricks from clay and quartz-sand, so that they correspond approximately to siliceous cells. The plant, however, prepares its bricks from cellular tissue, cork, wood, silicic acid (virtually glass), sometimes even from iron—as is exemplified by certain algae—and it not infrequently cases them with wax, lacquer, rubber, jelly, or cement. This diversity of materials affords many advantages which we can never obtain in our construction.

Apart from all else, the cellular tissue is a building material which we must regard with envy. Cellular tissue is a carbohydrate, which may also be converted into starches and sugar. But as our paper is manufactured from such cellular tissue, we can say: Cellular tissue is paper. The plant builds, therefore, houses made of paper; they are light, cheap, and of attractive appearance. By impregnating this cellular tissue with wood tissue, the plant has invented a mechanical structure which goes far beyond the power of man. It thereby converts the cellular tissue into wood. We cannot imitate the plant in preparing the precious cellular tissue in any desired quantity from carbon and water; much less can we procure for our uses the wood which is essential for our industry, in fact for our entire civilisation, except by robbing or killing the plant. Man labours under the same disadvantage in regard to starches, the foundation of all our food. He must toil for his bread as a slave to the plant, in whose service he tills the ground by the sweat of his brow. His calling, his thoughts, his very feelings, are regulated by the plant, in whose behoof he prays for rain and undertakes the hardest drudgery; all this only because in chemical and mechanical science he is a bungler, whilst the plant is a master.

We would mention only three facts from the great volume of mechanical masterpieces which the plant has achieved in regard to wood, namely, the elastic properties of the wood-fibre, its osmotic qualities, and the colloidal nature of the plasm skin.

A square millimetre of wrought iron is able to bear about 12·3 kilos, and best copper wire, though a very tough material, bears only 12·1 kilos; whereas each square millimetre of a new straw rope—that is, the bast of rye—is able to bear from 15 to 20 kilos,

the bast of the lily-stem bears 19 kilos, and that of New Zealand flax 20 kilos. We must add that the strength of wood-fibre increases even more after it has dried.

Like all organic material, wood swells when water is absorbed into its tissue. Through this swelling process a certain force of energy comes into operation, and it has been found that one cubic metre of organic matter is able to lift a weight of 25,000,000 cwt. It is this force which enables trees to burst rocks, or to heave up ponderous tombstones. Since remotest times man has made use of this force in mines and quarries, when, in order to split rocks without explosives, small wooden wedges were driven into any suitable chinks and kept damp until the swelling wood rent open the rock. Thus, with the help of this mechanical power, plants can be made to move mountains.

Besides the power of swelling, however, we find another quality, the true reason for the immense advantage which the plant enjoys over us in regard to the mechanical properties of its building material. *This is the colloidal nature of the plasm, and of all its products.*

Science teaches us that colloid is a gelatinous substance which does not readily diffuse through an animal or vegetable membrane. But this definition does not tell us very much, and we must try to grasp the wonderful qualities of colloid in a different way.

Rubber is a colloidal solution; the rubber solution which the bicyclist knows so well, is neither a liquid, nor a gas, not yet a solid body. We might say that the colloid is the fourth state of matter attainable on our planet; and its universality is quite a possible supposition. Already we are able to convert all metals, as well as silicic acid and albumen, into colloids, and very probably we shall one day be able to convert every substance into the colloidal condition. It has been proved that all colloids are of a cellular, or honeycomb, construction. We can easily explain this fact by recalling to mind that the cell is the structural shape of colloid, that is of the plasm. *In fact, all plant-life is a colloidal problem.*

On the basis of this knowledge, scientists are now trying to solve a mystery which, under our eyes, is being constantly solved by the plant—namely, *the colloidal boiler.*

Our big ship-boilers have been tested to from 18 to 25 atmospheres, that is to say, each square centimetre is tested to bear a pressure of from 18 to 25 kilos, and in order to attain this

object the thickness of the boiler walls must generally measure $\frac{1}{200}$ part of the boiler's diameter.

When we consider living plant-cells through a microscope, it must surprise us again and again to find how tensely they fill their container. If, however, we add even a tiny quantity of sugar solution to the water in which we examine the cells, we observe that the tightly stretched walls shrink immediately. Scientists call this experiment a decrease of *osmotic pressure*, and by measuring this osmotic pressure they ascertained that in a normal plant-cell it amounts to from 5 to 10 atmospheres, or just as much as the pressure in a small boiler, without taking into consideration the heat to which the latter is exposed.

The fine skin which bears this pressure is of course of plasmatic nature, that is, of colloidal structure. *From the above it follows that colloidal membrane must be of enormous strength, even stronger than iron sheets.*

In the cells of sugar-beet the colloidal membrane, $\frac{1}{1000}$ mm. thick, withstands a pressure of 21 atmospheres; the thickness of the boiler's walls measures in this instance hardly $\frac{1}{5000}$ part of the boiler's diameter. The osmotic pressure in mildew-fungi is supposed to amount to as much as 160 atmospheres. We must use iron sheets two fingers thick, where a thin membrane suffices for Nature's needs. In this respect, as in so many others, the mechanical powers of the plant are much superior to ours.

A new problem, a new aim, now lies before the scientist. How can we construct a 'colloidal boiler'? The task has been indicated, the goal is attainable, and the human mind is sure not to rest until the present day steam-boiler can be thrown upon the scrap-heap.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF PINCHER.

A PAIR of small cock ears of very rich warm brown, set on the top, too much on the top, of a domed head of sandy grey; a long, keen muzzle, terminating in a sensitive black nose habitually moist; a pair of eyes as large as a professional beauty's, light amber in colour, alert, whimsical; shortish legs, strong and big in the bone; an untouched tail, tapering, feathery; and a long-backed body clothed in a thick garment of woolly grey. A dog, a healthy, active, vigorous, useful dog, a dog of character, but owing to the indiscretions of his mother a dog without a family name.

He was formally styled Pincher, and would readily answer to the title 'Y' ugly devil.' His birth was a scandal, and his father a mystery. Yet coming into the world unwanted, he managed to escape the fate which overwhelmed his brothers and sisters on their second day of living, and he throve amazingly, a disgrace, a constant reproach to the parent who bore him. His mother was Marsdon Shepherdess, a lady of the purest lineage, a bob-tail sheep dog of irreproachable descent, three times a champion, already when she bore the lamentable Pincher the mother of many seemly children. But one April she forgot herself; the shoots of young green in the hedgerows, the inspiring warmth of the spring sun, the call of joy and life and carelessness in the air conspired to her undoing. Besides, the kennel-boy was naturally careless, and the season and a cobbler's daughter assisted nature; after feeding up he left the kennel gate unlatched. But his subsequent discharge with ignominy did not lessen the disgrace of a patrician lady.

Marsdon Shepherdess, having disposed of her dinner with good appetite, discovered to her joy that the gate of her yard was open. A creature of intelligence, she exercised the nicest discretion in avoiding attention as she made her exit. She was not seen again until a farm hand found her wandering contentedly in the small hours of the following morning. What was her goal when she set out that April evening? Did the warm scents of the evening lure her, did she set out intent on hedgerow and on covert, full of the lust of conquest and of slaughter? Or was the quick pulse of love disturbing her when she escaped? Yet one way or the other the result was Pincher and five others. But the others died by drowning.

Pincher himself had a narrow escape. As a permanent testimony to his mother's shame, he was due for destruction directly he should be weaned, but a chance week-end visit saved him. As he played in the summer sunshine beside his parent in the kennel yard two men came and stared and talked. One was a stranger, the other the owner of Marsdon Shepherdess. And the aggrieved owner retold the scandalous story.

'The trouble is,' he finished, 'I haven't the foggiest notion who its father is, some infernal mongrel by the looks of it. The con-founded boy got it straight in the neck directly I heard that the Shepherdess was out, but it was too late then.'

'Rotten luck,' the stranger agreed. 'I wonder who the deuce the father was. Poacher's lurcher, I should say. Gad, he's an ugly little devil, isn't he? But he might make a goodish working dog, and I like his comic eye. Look here, Bob, I'll take him off you at half a sovereign and chance it.'

'Done,' said the owner. 'You can take him back with you to-morrow. I was only going to have him destroyed. But look here, Peter, old man, you must keep his breeding dark. I don't want more fools to know about the Shepherdess than I can help.'

'Right,' the stranger answered. 'You've a graceful way of putting it too. But this fool shall keep quiet. And I'll fetch you along to-morrow, y' ugly little devil, you.'

And Pincher, chewing contentedly at his soiled mother's pad, did not realise that the shadow of death had rolled away from him.

So he became the property of Major Peter Merrilees and went to dwell in the west country and to take a professional interest in farming and in various sport.

As he grew his looks did not improve, and the mystery of his parenthood became definitely insoluble. Yet lacking beauty he contrived a firm hold upon intelligence; and it was evident that he realised his master's fondness for him. There were other dogs about the house and farm, dogs of established pedigree, recognisable at a glance as belonging to a definite breed, good working dogs, well-mannered dogs, yet to Pincher alone Peter Merrilees gave the full measure of his love. And Pincher, being wise, took trouble to understand the character of the man who loved his mongrel.

Instinctively the gift of driving beasts was his. When he was barely twelve months old, he could manage sheep as surely and as masterfully as his high-born mother. Scorning the yapping tricks

of less skilled shepherds he would steer his flock in wonderfully active silence ; a short-legged, grey, hairy body, with lolling tongue and eyes alert, always at the point where the fool creatures whom he shepherded might be expected to go wrong, running with a curious rolling lollop but, if need be, at tremendous speed, ensuring by the dominance of his personality that the eyes of his charges should continually turn towards him, that the inconsiderable brains of those charges should be eager to do his bidding. If he spoke at all, he spoke sharply, rapping out his command with admirable smartness. He seldom had need to speak twice, for at the single masterful bark most beasts to whom he spoke would jump to do his bidding. Hesitation he would meet with a swift rush, ears back, teeth, the whitest of glistening fangs, bare, a rush as terrifying as the charge of a wild beast. And the rush, which would send some wanderer jumping back to his place, would be followed by a smile, a cheerful slobbery grin of satisfaction. To see Pincher drive sheep and cattle past a motor-car in a narrow lane, to watch him convoy his charges through a town on market day was as pretty a spectacle as any lover of neat workmanship could desire.

At the age of fourteen months Pincher had so impressed a neighbouring farmer that an offer was made for his purchase. Thinking that the dazzling prospect of ten pounds for a mongrel would settle the matter out of hand, Farmer Bottle made his offer with an air of opulence. And the reply to it astonished him.

'Nothing doing, Mr. Bottle,' said Peter Merrilees, 'not if you added another nought to it. Pincher and I aren't parting. Eh, y' ugly devil, you !'

Whereat Pincher beat the muddy cobbles of the market-place with his unseemly tail, and panted contentedly. His flock of fools were safely in pens ; his master appeared pleased ; and a moment of relaxation was graced with compliments.

But later in the saloon bar of the George Hotel, where prosperous farmers scorning the post-war beer of common labourers drank bad whisky at worse prices, Mr. Bottle, describing his offer and its refusal, gave it as his opinion that when the gentry took to farming for a living they had better leave sentiment behind.

Although he excelled at driving beasts Pincher had other accomplishments where his ability was no less noticeable. His mouth was like silk and his nose as keen as a ferret's. He could carry a bird without disturbing a feather, and he knew his place

and kept to it when out with a gun. When the threshing machines were humming and the ricks grew low he would squat on his haunches a picture of anticipation, watching, turning his head with small quick movements, and a rat bolting on his side would bolt to almost certain death. When the last sheaf had been lifted from the brushwood, when the foundation of the rick was raised and the rats were driven from their snug refuge, he would turn himself into a grey whirl of skilled activity. He did not worry, he did not chew, he nipped clean and firm behind the shoulders and broke the spine of the vermin with one quick flick. Into this business of killing he put all his mind, dropping one limp body to spring for another escaping rodent like a creature possessed not by any wild madness of slaughter, but by the lust of his strength and skill. Then the last rat dead or escaped he would look round the field of death with diminished interest, leaving the plump smooth-tailed bodies to lie where they had fallen in the sunshine or in the rain; he would feel his bitten, bloodstained lips with his tongue, ruminating, perhaps, on the gamest of his adversaries who had caused the damage; and he would look up at his master with his ears cocked, his head a little sideways, and in his eyes the eternal query: 'That's over! What do we do now?'

And Peter Merrilees, a gentleman given to repeating himself, would remark nine times out of ten in eager admiration:

'Pop it across the rodents, my aunt! I'll back him against any terrier that was ever pupped. He's a marvel, that dog of mine. Eh, Pincher man! Eh, y' ugly devil, you!'

Rabbits, their ways and customs, their haunts and their movements Pincher understood in a fashion bordering on the miraculous. In all probability his unknown father had exhibited a like or greater knowledge on many dark or moonlit nights, furtively as becomes a poacher's dog, bequeathing it as sufficient settlement of all parental responsibility to his unacknowledged son. In any case Pincher had it, and with it a fault useful in a poacher but in a legal hunter much to be deplored. He was too silent. He would speak to game, he was not mute, but he was taciturn. Marking a hole, working a covert, he would chuckle to himself when he hit off the scent; you could not call it more than that, he did not bark, he did not whine, he did not whimper, he just chuckled once, overcame with delight at the prospect of the fun ahead, exuberant in his pride. After that he worked and watched in silence until the moment for the quick spring, the nip, the shake which sent a

furry little beast to death ; then, if game was not too plentiful, he might chuckle again.

Peter Merrilees, who unless sternly checked would extol the merits of his favourite dog for hours on end, acknowledged and lamented this fault.

'Pincher's too silent, I allow that,' he would say. 'I believe the old devil's jealous of assistance, that's about the size of it. He wants to do his job on his own without a mob of men and dogs getting in his way. But he isn't mute. You can generally hear him speak to it, if you listen. Besides I loathe a noisy cur. I know his way and he knows mine. If there's a rabbit within two miles I can tell it from the way he twitches that appalling tail of his. Some people crab him of course, simply because they don't understand him. He's one man's dog every time. And, by the Lord Harry, I'm that man.'

Which final statement was undoubtedly true. Pincher was not the sort of dog a stranger could take for a walk ; he simply settled any attempt in that direction by refusing to follow. He had no pretty manners of demonstrating good fellowship with the world at large. If a stranger noticed him or patted him he would suffer the familiarity coldly, exhibiting politeness yet conveying quite plainly his lack of real interest. Fighting did not seem to interest him ; he was not quarrelsome ; indeed his relations with his own kind were harmonious and extremely independent, based, you might say, on the assumption that interference can and should be avoided. Persons lacking understanding regarded him with doubt, or, being timid, with positive distrust. He had no parlour tricks ; he hated being petted ; the insides of houses frightened him ; and the polite small talk of jumping up, excessive tail wagging, licking, frisking, being continually in evidence and the centre of human attention was something which he could never encompass. A human animal so estranged from sanity as to demand a greater demonstration of friendliness than a quick glance, the sidelong jerk of the head, a waving tail, a smile, or that crouching gallop which indicates recognition of the start of a pleasant expedition, was a creature with whom Pincher had no sympathy.

Consequently among the unwise his merits went unrecognised ; to many people he seemed much what a good dame calling one afternoon on Peter Merrilees had described him.

'I like all your animals, Major Merrilees,' said this excellent creature, 'except that mongrel dog of yours. What do you call

him—Pincher? He seems so independent, so selfish, not at all the faithful friend one has learned to expect in a dog. He's so distrustful.'

And Peter Merrilees, restraining himself, replied that Pincher didn't care for strangers. Yet, afterwards, as they strolled round the fields with a gun in the cool of a May evening he put the case more clearly to Pincher himself.

'What,' he asked bitterly, 'induces my fond parent to ask people like that to tea gets me cold. You heard it yourself, old man? You're not at all a faithful friend! You're distrustful! My God, I hope you are distrustful of things like that. Of all the fools in petticoats, or out of them for that matter, I've ever bumped across, she takes the purple onion. She's just the type that thinks a dog should be a pet.'

So Pincher grew to maturity inspiring dislike in those who seek canine pets, daily becoming more essential to a man who sought a dog companion. He slept of nights in the same box with an aged pony mare, another favourite of his master; he worked by day. His days throughout the changing seasons of the year were very full and active. And he only counted those absolutely blank, incapable of yielding their due measure of the great joy of living, when Peter Merrilees should be from home. For he had early in his career taken the extreme step, which cynics call a grave mistake, of centring all his powers of affection on one person; and thereafter he, knowing his affection was returned, had been content—which the sentimental call sheer folly—to let the mutual attachment escape the undiscerning eye. Yet to see him look at Peter, to mark the way he watched his movements, to observe the light in the amber eyes when the man should return after an absence, was to find something of the meaning of real love.

In the spring of his fourth year Pincher learned, it may be assumed, things about the human kind which had not much troubled him before, and he certainly acquired a new name. During the winter Peter Merrilees had been more than usual away from home, and he had failed to exhibit that complete absorption in the pursuit of game which Pincher had learned to expect from a man of his ability. Then a woman, a young woman, a girl with a voice that a dog could understand, and ways that appeared sensible, came to stay, and Pincher began to see light.

On the afternoon of her arrival the girl was introduced to Pincher as he returned from driving ewes and lambs from the

pasture by the river to the shelter of a gorse brake on the hillside. She looked him up and down.

'So this is Pincher,' she declared. 'You're right, Peter, he's as ugly as sin. Look at his legs! And his tail! But he's got the cut of a worker.' Then gravely, patting him, 'How do, Pincher. You are beastly jealous of me, aren't you?'

'You may not like the old devil, Peggy,' Peter answered with equal gravity, 'but don't ever tell me that you don't.'

'You're being absurd,' the girl, Peggy Ridley, urged. 'How can I possibly not like him when he's so ridiculously fond of you? But you must learn to tolerate me, eh, Pincher?'

And Pincher, having decided after days of careful observation that this was a woman of common sense, not given to demanding demonstrations of affection, versed in the ways of animals, learned in the pursuit of game, realising also that she was the chosen mate of his beloved master, admitted her to his intimacy. He even went the length of going for walks alone with her since it clearly pleased Peter that he should do so, but he never pretended that his friendship for the girl was comparable with his love for the master.

Yet it was the girl, Peggy Ridley, who was responsible for Pincher getting a new name, a circumstance which later stood him in good stead.

It happened out ferreting.

The holes were being netted, and Pincher, according to his wont, had selected one which his nose informed him would be likely to eject a brown-eyed, soft-coated fugitive. He sat beside the hole of his choice, pleasantly sheltered from a blustering wind by the bank in which it was hollowed, and he kept a keen eye on the bag of ferrets lying on the grass a yard or two away. Peter went to the bag and produced from it a long, pink-eyed, blinking creature. Pincher watched him with quivering eagerness, for lurking rabbits he knew would shortly be on the move before that sinuous white body which hung limply from his master's hand. Then to his intense disgust Pincher observed the girl netting the hole of his choice. Never since his infancy had he been so insulted; the action amounted to a declaration of distrust. He whined, low and sharp. Peter turned his head at the call, and Pincher scratched the edge of the net with which the obtuse female had just covered the mouth of the hole.

'Here, I say, Peggy,' the man announced, obviously conscious

of the enormity, 'that won't do, old girl. You don't want a net there. Pincher will have Mr. Bunny right enough if he bolts that way. If you put a net on his hole the old dog will think you mean to punish him. This is a job he knows something about. You watch him.'

So Peggy hastily removed the net, murmuring apologies.

'Sorry, Pincher, my man,' said she, 'I wasn't thinking. There, old fellow! Now, you can have it all your own way.'

And Pincher, perceiving that the girl meant well although she might be a little stupid, gave her a quick grin by way of acknowledgment and turned his whole mind thenceforward to the business of the moment.

The ferret disappeared down an adjoining hole; Peter and the girl stood back from the bank watching; and Pincher forgot both men and maidens. The rich brown ears cocked, the forehead puckered, the eyes very bright and intent, he crouched listening to one side of the hole he had chosen, so that a bolting rabbit should not see him and turn back into the jaws of a pursuing ferret. He listened, and as he listened he rose very slowly on bent legs, holding himself an inch or two off the ground with every muscle braced for sudden effort. Absolutely still, except for a slight quivering of the ungainly tail, he waited, and the wind ruffled the grey hair of his back. Then, but before any sound of scuttling came to the ears of the man and the girl, he made his final preparation for action, he drew back his lips from his white fangs. A loud scurrying, a streak of brown fur, a flash of grey, a scream, and Pincher, dropping a limp, warm, twitching body on the grass, turned to receive another ferret's fugitive.

The bury yielded two full-grown rabbits and a youngster; and when the ferret was back in the bag and the nets collected, the girl turned to Peter Merrilees with eagerness.

'If,' she said, 'you ever part with Pincher I'll break off our engagement, or, if we're married, I'll divorce you. He's the most wonderful dog in the world and I'm going to devote my life to trying to supplant you in his affections.'

'No need to divorce me,' Peter answered contentedly. 'But, young woman, your life's work is doomed to failure.'

'I'm afraid it is,' Peggy agreed. 'But there is one thing you are simply rotten at, Peter. That's naming dogs. Fancy watching him work and then going on calling him Pincher. Why, he's Joe—poacher's Joe. If you've no sense of decency in names, you ought

to take advice. From his darling moist nose to his awful tail he's just Joe, Joe, Joe. Eh, man! Eh, Joe! Aren't you, boy?'

So upon occasions, as a concession on the one part to affection, on the other to self-will, Pincher was called Joe. And, since he had no mind to interfere with the innocent diversions of human creatures whom he esteemed, Pincher would answer to the name. To him, to Peter Merrilees, even to Peggy, the addition of a name did not seem a matter of vital importance.

Yet it was so.

And the trouble, which began on a March afternoon not very long before Peter's marriage, proved that it was so in the first degree.

It was a fine, uplifting afternoon, with a jolly exuberant, boisterous wind sweeping white patches of cloud across a clear blue sky, with the rolling thunder of sea breaking amongst rocks reaching to sheltered valleys far inland; a day of pleasant riot and high colouring in sky and hedgerow and new-ploughed earth; a day for activity and for clean open places. In the bottom of a small valley down which the wind talked in noisy gusts, a square farmhouse of weathered stone, its roof patched with orange-coloured lichen, squatted securely, a plain-faced, neat building defying its own eternal trimness by attendant excrescences of outhouse and of barn. Beyond the cowsheds, below an orchard on the hillside, beside a lane that scorned to be a high road yet was more than a cart-track, was the rick-yard alive with humming activity. The engine thudded and hissed, the thresher hummed, and men with dust-begrimed faces hoisted wheatsheaves to the feeders, replaced by empty sacks those already full with grain, stacked pleasant-smelling straw. And down the valley and across the yard the rioting wind sent dust and dowse and the smell of sweating men whirling and scurrying.

A little apart from the activity, in the lee of a hedgerow between the lane and the yard, just alongside the gate, sat Peter and Peggy and Pincher. The two human creatures exchanged gossip with the farmer when that master of operations not infrequently rested from his labours; and the dog watched the stack grow lower with parted jaws and eager eyes, ready for any rat which might have a mind to leave his hiding, his comfortable well-supplied home of many months, before he should be driven.

With a couple of feet more to go before the rick should be down to its foundations, three strangers arrived upon the scene:

a man, a woman, and an animal. The man was unimpressive ; the woman was large, expensive, and commanding ; the animal was a pekinese, and to protect it against the riotous March wind it wore a blue coat trimmed with yellow braid, and to keep it from danger it was held upon a leash. Pincher perceived the arrival of this insult to his kind, but he scorned to greet it ; Peter and Peggy observed the coming of the trio and wondered vaguely where they came from.

' Really,' said the commanding lady in a voice well up to her form, ' these scenes of rural activity are quite charming. The colour, the setting, the suggestion of energy in those moving figures are very attractive indeed.'

The unimpressive man said ' Yes, my dear.' Peter winked at Peggy. The girl winked back at him. And the commanding lady lengthened the range of her voice.

' This wind is cold,' she informed the neighbourhood. ' I don't suppose the farmer will mind us sheltering behind his hedge. But mind that you keep hold of Roy, Alfred—I'm sure that nasty, rough-looking dog is savage.'

But Alfred's obedient murmur, and Peter's muttered ' I'd like to see a rat tackle the little beast. They oughtn't to be allowed,' were drowned in the yapping of Roy, who, excited by the occasion, indulged in his favourite pastime, making the blustering afternoon hideous with his voice.

Then a rat bolted, and Pincher had him in four strides. The pekinese, straining at his leash, risked laryngitis. And the commanding lady gave judgment in determined tones.

' This is brutal,' she declared. ' It is simply degrading. Pick up Roy, Alfred ; I am going.'

Perhaps Alfred did not hear, perhaps under other circumstances he would have enjoyed ratting himself ; he may have lost his head ; or he may have revolted. Anyway, he let Roy go. And that was the start of the mix up.

Moved by some primitive instinct, Roy exhibited great though disordered dash ; trailing his lead behind him, he scuttled madly for the stack, yapping at the full pitch of his lungs. And as he scuttled he met, by chance as it were, a large rat bolting. The large rat, encountering a fluffy mass of noise, bit, and bit hard. The yapping changed to a scream. Then a grey streak joined the medley. Pincher, using his eyes and his skill, nipped the rat neatly ; but the rat, even in the moment of death, held gamely to the pekinese, so

that the flick with which Pincher broke his back carried the lap dog off his feet. Blue coat, yellow braid and well brushed fur, Roy rolled over helplessly mixed up with the plump grey body, until the piece of his cheek which the rat had clenched in his last agony gave way and he fell free, bleeding and screaming.

While this was happening, Alfred panicked at the result of his negligence. Making a wild spring forward, he tripped and came to ground heavily in the dust and mud and litter of the yard. Peggy, incapable with laughter, did nothing. Peter, visibly shaken, walked forward. Work on the stack stopped, while shouts of encouragement mixed with the hum of the thrasher, the cheery voice of the wind, and the lamentable screaming of Roy. And the commanding lady advanced, white and awful, gripping her umbrella.

Another rat bolted, making by chance or design for the screaming pekinese. Roy fled with, it appeared, the rodent in pursuit and gaining on him. And Pincher, ignoring human beings, intent on his work, went for the rat. But the lap dog, blind with terror, ran right into him, met the lowered head and was tossed carelessly aside, where he lay panting and whining, while Pincher dealt cleanly with his new quarry.

Then the commanding lady acted. As her pet was butted masterfully out of the way—which occurred in the course of her advance—she swept the air powerfully with her umbrella, nearly breaking it on the side of Peter's head. Cheered, it may be assumed, by the excellent results of this ranging shot—for Peter stopped and clasped his ears—she hurried on to the real business of her onslaught. Putting her twelve stone behind it, she beat Pincher on the head. But he was actually in process of killing a rat and took no notice. Infuriated by this insulting inattention, the commanding lady attacked again, this time with the point; she put the ferrule into Pincher's ribs in most effective style. Pincher dropped his rat and snarled, a snarl of anger and of pain. The commanding lady warmed to her work, muttering 'Brute! Savage brute!' stabbed again. This time she caught him in the stomach, and Pincher decided that he had had enough of it. He turned and caught her sharply by the somewhat stocky, silk-clad ankle.

That ended the attack, and it also spoiled the rattling. Subsequent investigation proved that the commanding lady had noticeable contusions on her plump flesh and that in one place the skin was broken. She had indubitably been bitten by Pincher.

It further appeared that the unimpressive man was Sir Alfred Heiman, a person of considerable wealth, that he had at some previous time asked the commanding lady to marry him and that he had stood by that indiscretion. In addition it transpired that Lady Heiman considered that her own injuries and the dreadful treatment to which her darling Roy had been subjected were entirely due to the natural brutality and dangerous savagery of the infamous cur, Pincher, and that she intended to ensure that a repetition of such wild bestiality should be denied him in the future. A car was sent for ; and amid much interchange of cold formalities the victims were removed. Before their exodus Peter Merrilees, realising that there might be trouble brewing, tried to argue with the unimpressive Sir Alfred, to persuade him that while Pincher had unquestionably bitten the commanding lady it was, as unquestionably, her fault that he had. Sir Alfred replied, unhappily, but with obvious truth :

‘My dear sir,’ he said, ‘your dog has bitten my wife. Both you and I must abide by the result. I’m sorry.’

And he went off sadly with his self-inflicted burden.

After the departure of the casualties, Pincher did very well with the remaining rats ; he totalled eighteen with only one escape. Yet, although the wind was boisterous and gay, although the sun shone, the sea thundered from far away, and the whole valley talked and smelt of coming spring, he realised that there was something amiss. Peter Merrilees and the girl, Peggy, laughed to each other and to dusty working men, but there was something uneasy about them, an indefinable anxiety in the way they looked at him. For a time it worried Pincher, then he forgot it.

Next day, as he lay in the stable-yard, dozing in a warm corner, resting after a morning in the cattle market, waiting upon events, the village policeman arrived. Pincher knew the policeman well, he rather liked the fellow for a keen rabbit. So he greeted him with a yawn and a lazy flop of the tail ; and the policeman stopped to talk before settling the business which brought him to the house.

‘What have you been up to, Pincher ?’ he asked. ‘You stand to get yourself done in if you aren’t careful, old fellow. And a darned shame, too, I calls it. It wasn’t your fault, you ain’t the biting sort, I know.’

But Pincher knew him for a lover of verbosity as well as a keen rabbit, and so after flopping his tail again he closed his eyes. Yet the conduct of Peter Merrilees and the girl whom he had chosen

as his mate was deplorably disconcerting. They came and took Pincher for a walk in the fields shortly after the departure of the policeman; and they failed absolutely to show their customary interest in the things about them. They talked of Pincher, but not of the way he picked out a scent or worked a gorse brake.

'That blasted swine of a woman,' said Peter, 'I'd like to wring her silly neck.'

'She is, she's worse,' Peggy agreed. 'A fat beast with an ankle like a church pillar and a voice like a steam siren. But no sane magistrate would listen to her. She got bitten because she jabbed her filthy umbrella into Pincher's stomach while he was killing rats.'

'Some magistrates aren't sane,' Peter answered. 'Dobbey isn't for one. He hates dogs. He may be on the bench to-morrow.'

'But,' asked Peggy, 'there are the facts, what could he do?'

'Facts,' Peter replied with bitterness, 'don't worry that old fool. Prejudices are his speciality. He might order the dog's destruction; we can't swear he didn't bite, you know.'

'Pincher's destruction!' the girl gasped. 'Peter, he couldn't.'

But Pincher, looking up from a failing scent, realised that there was melancholy in the air, and he acted on an established principle of the dog companion, specially designed to meet such occasions. He left his work and brought himself to the notice of the melancholy pair. He crossed in front of them, lashing with his tail, shaking his head on one side, calling their attention to the joy of activity and of living.

The manœuvre was not successful.

The girl Peggy muttered: 'Joe, my man!' and turned her head away.

Peter Merrilees called: 'Rabbits! Find 'em, Pincher. After 'em, y' ugly devil, you,' glaring ahead of him without the slightest real regard for hunting.

So Pincher understood that the trouble was real; and he gave up hunting and walked beside the man and woman. The walk was a failure; but next day things were worse.

Immediately after breakfast Peter Merrilees saddled the pony mare and rode off. But before he departed he did two unaccustomed things which impressed Pincher considerably: he swore at the mare because she fidgeted while he was saddling her, which thing she had done invariably for fourteen years without reprimand; then, glancing furtively round the stable-yard, he stooped and

kissed Pincher on the muzzle. After that he mounted and rode off quickly without a word.

A little later the girl, Peggy, went for a walk, taking Pincher with her; and she chose a pleasant walk but behaved curiously. She went up the valley beside the river, through the meadows where the daffodils made a rich yellow pattern on the new green of growing grass, and following her habit she dawdled to pick flowers while Pincher hunted contentedly in that haunt of rats, the river bank. The boisterous March wind had dropped, the sun shone from a clear pale sky, the day was warm, and in the meadows by the water scent was excellent; yet Pincher was continually called from hunting by a girl who seemed incapable of settling sanely to the full enjoyment of the hour. Peggy would stop picking daffodils, seat herself on a bank, a fence, or against a tree trunk, and would whistle up the dog. When he had come to her reluctantly, she would fondle him and kiss him in a manner foreign to her wont, and she would spin him a rigmarole in which she would repeatedly allude to 'damn fools' and 'fat beasts of women.' She would then let him go back hunting, but would begin the business again before long. At first Pincher suffered this strange performance with obvious boredom, returning gaily and eagerly to his hunting, yet after a time he realised that the girl was really miserable and that her unhappiness was somehow connected with him. So he grew worried and ill at ease, and that made him self-conscious. He couldn't take a proper interest in hunting because his companion demanded attention, and human companionship seemed only capable of marring the fair joy of the gay spring sunlight. He took to hanging round, before he was whistled up, and with eyes and ears and head to asking questions which were not answered.

With the spoiled morning almost spent Pincher saw his master come striding across the water meadows, and aware of the man's superiority he dashed to meet him, bounding over the grass, confident that he went to meet one who could and would dispel gloom. He was wrong. Peter Merrilees met his rush with arm outstretched, with muttered 'Y' ugly devil! Down, man, down,' just as he should; but the movement was forced, the voice was strained. Pincher perceived that here was no dispeller of gloom but an advanced victim of it; he fell behind the man, and walked to heel thoroughly miserable.

At sight of Peter's face as he sat himself on the bank beside her Peggy's eyes grew bright with alarm.

'What is it?' she asked.

'Order for the dog's destruction to be obeyed within forty-eight hours,' Peter answered, staring up the valley.

And Pincher, lying panting at their feet, remarked their silence and their strained looks, glanced uneasily from one face to the other, and sought to relieve the obvious anguish of the moment with noisy flopping of his hideous tail.

'I won't,' Peter burst out suddenly upon a note of passion. 'I'll see them all damned first. I'll sell the place and leave the infernal country. I'll go abroad and live there. If this sort of thing can happen in England I'll keep away from the accursed island. But I'll take the dog with me.'

'Peter,' said Peggy, her voice uncertain, 'you must appeal. You must get the best lawyer in the country, you must take it to the House of Lords, if necessary. Tell me what happened.'

'Appeal!' he answered, 'what's the good of that? If magistrates can be such criminal idiots, there is no guarantee that judges will not be. After months of wrangling and arguing they might order the destruction just the same. Pincher bit, that's the plain fact of it. And it seems that we live in a country where a dog can be destroyed because he bites a fat swine of a woman who pokes him in the stomach with her umbrella. I called witnesses, I proved that the fool jabbed him in the belly without the slightest cause. It didn't make any odds. Dobbey was on the bench alone, the other idiots were ill or dead or away or something. As usual he gloried in his tin-pot office. When he heard that this bloke Heiman was a millionaire or next door to it, and that he thought of settling in these parts, Dobbey fairly got down and grovelled. It was "Sir Alfred" and "Lady Heiman" all the time. He never listened to my side at all. Grunting with importance and ogling the Heiman couple for approval, he held that the fat woman had been perfectly justified in protecting her monstrosity, that my dog was clearly savage, and that it was obvious that I could not control him. He gurgled and blew and whispered with his clerk. Then he had the unspeakable audacity to start a sermon about the necessity for disciplining animals, as though he knew what training a dog meant. Then he made this order. As he made it he actually smiled at the Heiman woman! Smiled, while he was ordering Pincher to be killed! My God!'

Peter Merrilees hurriedly stopped speaking and began to fill a pipe with furious attention. Peggy, gripping her hands beside

her, bit her lips. And Pincher, anxious and puzzled, got to his feet. The inexplicable distress of his companions was such that a decent dog could no longer pass it by. He rubbed his head against Peter's arm, and thrust a cold nose red with the earth of the river bank into the man's hand.

Whereat Peggy scrambled to her feet.

'I can't—you won't, Peter—Joe,' she cried, and fled away sobbing.

Then Peter Merrilees did a thing which was almost more unusual than his kiss of the early morning, he seized Pincher in his arms and held him tightly. But as he held him he swore violently.

Then he let Pincher go, and went to join the girl in the pleasant sunshine, among the daffodils beside the shallow, rushing, stone-strewn river. And Pincher, miserable at the trouble which had no understandable cause, which could be settled neither with a curse nor a smile, in which clearly he was somehow concerned, followed him closely.

The three stood silent for a time, while the spring day wasted its delights upon their inattention.

'Half the people in the world wouldn't understand,' said Peggy, her voice low. 'They don't know what being fond of animals means. They'd think us simply sentimental.'

'Half the world, or more,' Peter answered, 'are fools who funk real love and won't acknowledge it. But look here, Peggy, we've got to remove the old dog's uneasiness. What about those rats, old man? Come on, y' ugly devil, you, have at 'em, boy!'

So on the way home they made a great show of hunting for a while. They urged Pincher to mighty effort, they beat the river bank as though their lives depended on a kill, they made much unwise and unnecessary noise, and they seemed unaware that they were behaving like excited townsfolk and insulting a dog who needed neither encouragement nor instruction in the business of catching rats.

At last Pincher jibbed, but politely, as became a dog who realised that his companions were not themselves that day. He came up from the foot of the bank, where he had been violently urged to find game which was not there, he shook the water from his grey coat, and with head on one side he stood squarely in the gay sunshine, facing the man and the girl and the situation.

'It's all very well,' he said as plainly as a dog can, 'this sort

of thing might pass as fun between strangers, but among ourselves isn't it rather futile? What is the trouble?'

But that they would not tell him, although he looked from one face to the other asking the question again. Instead, Peggy gripped Peter's arm and spoke in gasps.

'Peter,' she pleaded, 'you swear you won't let them kill him. You swear it, don't you?'

'Of course I do,' Peter answered firmly. 'If there is no other way out of it I'll do a bolt with the old dog. He's not going to be killed. Don't you worry about that, Peggy.'

A fine determined statement, but the girl seemed to get no comfort from it, and Pincher gathered that his master was desperate about something. So they walked home, without indulging in a farce of hunting, silent, miserable. Pincher kept to heel, lifting his muzzle and catching the scents of living things mixed with the warm smell of gorse and flowers which passed him in the air, but too seriously affected by the mood of his companions to wander from them.

Just before reaching the house, as they walked across a grass field where lambs ran in mock terror at the sight of Pincher but the ewes did not trouble to lift their heads from cropping at the coming of a dog they knew so well, Peggy broke the silence.

'Forty-eight hours,' she said. 'It's awful.'

And Peter Merrilees answered her with the same firm, unconvincing determination.

'Don't worry about that,' he urged, 'it isn't going to happen.'

But Pincher, establishing himself in a sunny corner of the stable-yard while the family lunched, was seriously uneasy. He had seen no signs of any preparations for his master's going away, yet something equally distressing must be about to happen to make him miss the chance of joy on so rare a morning.

At lunch, while Pincher ruminated in the stable yard, the tale of magisterial fatuity was again unfolded, determined statements once more appeared in place of ordered plans, and Mrs. Merrilees, a broad-minded woman, was slightly alarmed at the language which her son used before the servants.

As the tale spread from the dining-room the entire household was affected. The cook, a kindly creature, was moved to noisy weeping, and overcome by the imperious needs of the situation she went to the stable-yard to inspect the victim; the parlourmaid expressed the opinion that the master would do something wild;

the housemaid thought that Miss Peggy was taking it more to heart than she would the death of a human being ; the boot boy, taking the news outdoors, told the groom that he believed the master would be unapproachable for days ; the groom, telling the gardener of the crisis, said he thought the boy was right, but the trouble was not over by a long way ; the gardener, anticipating the hour when the village inn should pay tribute to his powers as a narrator, said that he didn't envy Mr. Dobbey anyhow, as one way or the other there was something due to him, which would be paid.

To Peter Merrilees it appeared that every servant whom he employed made the idiotic mistake of assuming that a cruel and unjust magisterial order would be obeyed ; to Peggy it seemed that all the servants thought about was how Peter would take the loss of his favourite dog ; and to both of them, discussing the thing together, it was plain that other people did not see the real tragedy in the situation, that through inability to understand they could not realise that this might mean the outrage of real love.

To Pincher, without any knowledge of the cause of the trouble, the occasion was most disquieting. People, whose ordinary business kept them from paying him marked attention, came out of their way to look at him and to speak about him in his presence with serious meaning. Thoroughly upset he followed Peter round the farm like a shadow all the afternoon, and the girl Peggy went with them. At tea time, the company of his master being the one thing which gave him any comfort, he braved his fear of the house ; he sat with the family while they ate and drank on the veranda ; and during that meal he saw trouble and uneasiness change to extraordinary action.

Following a moody silence Peter Merrilees suddenly waved his tea-cup in the air, upsetting the contents.

'I've got it !' he shouted. 'The barmaid's joy ! The old maid's solace !'

And he smiled broadly on the alarm of his hearers. So Pincher, seeing him smile, naturally began to take heart again.

Having smiled, Peter Merrilees condescended to explanation.

'The fewer people who know the better,' he finished. 'Of course it's essential that the unutterable swine Dobbey should see the body for himself. I don't suppose it's his job, but he'll come to satisfy his own fool sense of importance, if I goad him the right way. This morning coming back from the court I thought of Farmer Copp's Bobby, but I couldn't make much use of that till

I tumbled to the peroxide racket. Jackman will spot it straight away, but he's a pretty good sportsman although he is a constable, and he won't say a word. I'll hack in for the stuff straight away. You coming, Peggy? No, Pincher, my man! You keep out of sight for a spell.'

As usual, Pincher got his daily meal at seven in the evening; he ate it with fair appetite in spite of the uneasiness which still disturbed him; then he settled himself in his corner of the box while the pony mare munched hay. Shortly after eight-thirty he was disturbed, and subsequent proceedings caused him to realise that the worst had happened—that his master and the girl Peggy had both gone mad.

After dinner Peter Merrilees and the girl drank their coffee hurriedly, and proceeded to act strangely. They arrayed themselves in kennel coats; Peggy carried a bottle and two pairs of scissors, and Peter was observed by the horrified cook pocketing a revolver. The girl went to the stable where she fetched Pincher and led him away to an outhouse. Peter going another way, to a potting shed, found lying quietly there the body of an old mongrel dog, lately the property of farmer Copp, Bobby, a blind, worn-out old creature, grey of coat and lean, with an unseemly tail, a dog which to the casual observer might be considered like Pincher except for the head, which was black, with drooping, silky grey ears. Bobby had come that evening on a visit to the Merrilees; treated in hospitable fashion, he had been served with a tasty dish of tender pieces of meat; of this dish he had eaten greedily. So death had claimed him in one convulsive spasm. Peter, putting his lantern on the floor of the shed, looked at the body sadly.

'Poor old chap,' he said. 'But Copp ought to have put an end to you two years ago. Still I'm almighty glad he didn't as things turn out.'

Then two shots from a service revolver disturbed the quiet of the night.

And the cook, washing dishes, dropped one and smashed it.

'The master never can 'ave done it,' she wailed. 'And him so fond of the dog too.'

From the potting shed Peter went to the outhouse, where Pincher and Peggy sat and waited.

'Did the poison kill him at once, Peter?' the girl asked anxiously. 'Rolled him over like a shot rabbit,' Peter answered. 'The old fellow snuffed out clean as a whistle.'

Then Pincher came forward and sniffed first at his master's trousers leg, then at his right hand. And at the smell of blood on the hand he put his tail between his legs and cowered. The killing of dogs by lantern light filled him with sudden, incredulous horror. It took much assurance and comforting to remove his fear. But the treatment to which he was afterwards subjected absolutely disgusted him. Not all his love for his master could make him regard the shameless pair with anything but reproach when they had finished their horrid work. As they prepared to leave him for the night to sleep on a makeshift bed of straw in a disgusting shed used for cutting wood, he endeavoured in vain to appeal to their better senses.

'It's quite right, old man,' said Peter callously. 'You're not nearly so bad as you think you are. And you'll be lovely in the morning. Yes, you will, Pin——'

'Joe,' Peggy interrupted. 'You must remember that he is Joe now, Peter.'

'Joe, then,' Peter amended. 'But I can still call him an ugly devil. Ye gods, look at him. Eh, y' ugly old devil, you!'

And the brace of lunatics went out laughing. Pincher was hurt and miserable.

Next morning at ten o'clock precisely a car drove up to the front of the house. It contained, besides a liveried driver, Mr. Dobbey, Justice of the Peace, and Henry Jackman, village constable. Peter Merrilees, with Peggy, met it, and they carefully avoided shaking hands with the owner. They appeared calm, but they lacked cordiality. Mr. Dobbey was magisterial.

'I do not quite know, Merrilees,' he announced, 'why you should expect me to see that my official orders are carried out, but since you made a point of it in your note I am willing to humour you. The dog, I understand, has been destroyed?'

'I,' Peter replied, leading the way to the potting shed, 'want you to satisfy yourself that he has.'

'As you will,' the magisterial gentleman replied. 'It was a grey sheep dog; I remember him.'

'A grey mongrel,' Peter corrected.

'My dear Merrilees,' Mr. Dobbey stated with some asperity, 'I have an eye for a dog as well as you. I recall the animal perfectly.'

Whereat Peter winked at Peggy, and the constable, seeing the wink, began to understand things which had puzzled him.

In the potting shed Peter lifted a sack, exposing the body of a grey mongrel. It was not a pleasant sight, as the head had been blown to pieces at apparently short range. There was silence for a moment, during which the constable stooped to examine the body more closely. Then Mr. Dobbey turned to go.

'Really, Merrilees,' he reproved, 'I could not have so disfigured any animal for which I professed a liking. Your manner in court led me to suppose that you were sensitive about the dog.'

'That,' said Peter shortly, 'is my business. Are you satisfied that your order has been obeyed?'

'I am,' Mr. Dobbey agreed.

'You,' Peter continued, turning to the constable, 'hear that Mr. Dobbey, after seeing the body for himself, is satisfied that his order has been obeyed. That finishes the business, I think.'

'Yes, sir. Quite,' the constable answered. 'It's finished and done with now.'

And, stealthily, he winked at Peter, who led the way back across the stable-yard.

As the party crossed it in the sunlight an extraordinary animal rose from a warm corner, stretched himself, yawned, and came to greet them with an air of apology, almost of shame. He was of the most amazing colour, yellow in parts, almost green in others; there was a curious sheen upon him; his coat was short, but irregular in tufts, the work of amateur barbers. But from a domed head two small cock ears of very rich warm brown stuck up alert, and from a strange face of hideous yellow two light amber eyes looked keenly.

'A new dog, Merrilees,' said Mr. Dobbey, giving the animal a passing glance. 'What's wrong with him, mange? His coat looks bad. I wonder you don't go in for something of known breeding.'

'With magistrates about,' Peter replied offensively, 'it's too expensive. I can buy my mongrels cheap.'

And Jackman, the constable, bent down to pat the hideous animal, or to hide an expansive grin.

Before entering his car Mr. Dobbey exhibited tact. He knew from his manner that Peter was feeling the occasion acutely; he guessed that it had cost the fellow something to acknowledge the magisterial power; and he gathered that the girl to whom he was engaged was sharing the same feelings. Generosity and kindness were obviously called for at the moment.

'Off with the old love, on with the new,' he remarked genially,

pointing to the yellow mongrel. 'You must see to it, Miss Ridley, that Major Merrilees grows fond of his new pet. So that when, in a few weeks' time, I come to pay my respects to you as the new mistress of this house I shall not be forced to feel that in administering justice I have caused you any loss.'

And he held out his hand, smiling.

Peggy Ridley did not smile. She spoke clearly; and she put her hands behind her back.

'When you call,' she stated, 'I shall not be at home.'

But as the car turned the corner of the drive, she faced Peter with more animation.

'He's a callous fool who doesn't know a dog from a cabbage,' she declared, 'but isn't it a blessing he's a fool. A new dog! How could anyone not recognise that face? I nearly screamed when I saw him cocking his old ears and smiling with his great eyes.'

'Off with the old love!' quoted Peter. 'He has no more understanding than a pig. I wonder how he would have liked it if his wife had died and I had coughed that out at him. Of course, he couldn't recognise the old dog. He couldn't recognise a louse from an elephant. It's worked, thank God. Let's get the taste of him out of our mouths. Pin—— Joe, my man, d'you hear that? Listen! Threshing at Manby's. Come on, we'll have some fun. Hey, y' ugly devil, you!'

And Pincher, despite his shameful dyed and shorn appearance, disregarding the wanton changing of his name, lashed his clipped tail and bounded in the sunlight. For the depression and the madness were clearly over, the man and the girl ready once again to take a proper share of joy in the good business of active living. The day was young, the air was keen, and rats were waiting to be killed.

HUMFREY JORDAN.

THE PLAGUE.

THE Plague went forth to scourge the smiling land.
 There met him one who, kneeling at his feet,
 In Pity's name besought him stay his hand.
 The Plague replied, 'Friend, since you thus entreat,
 And hold of life so high an estimate,
 —An estimate that much exceeds its worth—
 I will somewhat my usual toll abate,
 And take five thousand only from the earth.'

His toll complete, he quits the weeping land.
 Again that other greets him: 'Liar! This day
 Not five, but fifty thousand by thy hand
 Are dead. A murderer's jest, you'll doubtless say;
 And bid me laugh and so forget my pain!'
 'Nay,' said the Plague, 'my promise was no jest.
 Five thousand only by my hand were slain.
 'Twas Fear, not I, my friend, who killed the rest.'

C. H. PAYNE.

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HILLS AND A BOY.

BY GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

III.

WHEN we begin to notice how shy nature is of company we are beginning to know a little about the natural world to which we belong. In any world which belongs to us, in a crowd of town or school, nature is moody if present at all, and she can behave as outrageously as Caliban. In the open air, if mortals seek her with their human cross-purposes still uppermost in mind, if they 'hunt her in couples,' she will envelop them with superficial sympathy, but elude them all the while with the secret misleading of a Puck. Only to those who walk alone by wood or sea or hill does she appear as Ariel, a sprite and fitful still, but a sprite in their occasional service, and an interpreter of her own enchantments if the service they ask for is to be shown, behind the magic of form and colour, something of the principles of order and slower change that govern natural existences not made in man's image.

We have but to lie alone upon a cliff where we can watch below us the wasting of prodigal waves and above us the wings of motionless seagulls balancing exquisitely upon an uprush of wind, to listen upon a hillside to the under-scuffle of a stream or to the shrill and bubble of curlews over an invisible moorland, to tramp the fenlands where clouds assemble up the sky asserting their supremacy over the wide levels of earth, or, in turn, to ascend the valleys where earth makes answer in the uplifted summits that surpass the clouds—and in these places, at these times, if we are alone, we may become aware of personalities in landscape and sound and motion as vivacious as our own but not humanly definable, and of new qualities of emotion manifested in them which burst through our poor wrappings of names, anger or heartbreak or laughter, as through tatters of wet tissue paper.

So much any 'pilgrim of the pointed stick' may discover soon after his setting out. To this point of necessary independence I had come, without intention and with but slight understanding; and chance rather than any conscious purpose helped me further along the way. I made my first visits to the Cumbrian fells upon 'reading parties.' An undergraduate reading party offers all the

right conditions for the apprenticing of immature mountain lovers: it has the conventional groundwork of companionship, it selects infallibly the best natural scenery, it imposes no social obligations out of doors, and it leaves the nature of the 'reading' or study to the individual conscience.

Impatiently and economically as befitted the hurry of youth I used to travel north by night; and so my breathless expectation looked out first upon grey snow or grass slopes smelling of rain under a wintry or a summer dawn far up among the mountains. Ah, that first rough hug of the northern hills, where the arms of Shap Fell reach down in welcome about the line, and the eye, bored with the dull fleshiness of plains prostrate and flaccid under their litter of utility, can delight in the starting muscles and shapely bones of strong earth, stripped for a wrestle with the elements—or with the climber! The waking at sunrise in the Jura, with the first heralds of Alpine air trumpeting sonorously through the lungs, is the only sensation I could compare with it; but in the Jura there are always the hot hours round the lake to follow, and by the time the real entry comes, at the Martigny elbow of the Rhone Valley where the Oberland and the Pennines close their ranks with a 'welcome home!' much of the spring of the day is already past.

The night journeys themselves were part of the fun. Their darkness and discomfort made a broad black border, framing and isolating the blaze of joy that came with the morning. Their 'up-settingness' served too to cover a similar change in myself, from a self laboriously constructed under a thousand pressures to do a hundred civilised tricks to a spontaneous self that came of itself, with the winds and the height and the rapture of movement. I was not introspective as a boy, but I must quickly have recognised that some sort of transition would take place, for I used to wait to change into mountain clothes until I was on the neutral territory of the train, so that the pleasanter self which waited for me somewhere about the thousand-foot level might not find itself in inappropriate trousers nor yet in a climbing kit tarnished by town smoke and by contact with the less worthy twin.

On these Cumbrian flights my fellow-travellers were frequently seamen, alert, many-lived sailors, returning with parrots as presents for their wives or Pekin nightingales for their sweethearts, and merchant captains, with yarns for everyone! As providing an intermediate atmosphere foreign to both my identities, no company could have served to accentuate the break between them more

effectively. The little waiting-room at Penrith, where we changed and waited for daylight, wears still for me a startled look, and with good reason. There were three of them with me on that journey—a seaman with a monkey, a bluff skipper with a bullet head and thick grey curls, and a shrivelled, soft-voiced rival skipper, with shrewd eyes. They had capped yarns for all the long hours. Penrith platform was cloaked with ice and with bitter darkness, and the wind prickled with a dust of snow from the near fells; but a red fire roared in the grate. Within its semicircle of heat the stories grew tropically tall. Snakes were the theme, and in impossible competition they seemed to crawl up the fire-glow and coil all over the ceiling. The sailor subsided first, winked at me, and stole out with his monkey, for air. At that the shrewd eyes crinkled up in triumph, and the soft voice began to pipe a saga of a pet Viper and a Pacific thunderstorm. In the last canto the faithful creature was seen by the flashes of blue lightning to creep glitteringly up the veranda and to erect itself lightning-rod-wise upon the chimney-stack; and this just in time to divert what must have been the fatal flash harmlessly down its tail to earth. Whereafter, it descended as unobtrusively to the eternal gratitude and milk of the family. By the first unwilling grin of the night the bluff skipper admitted defeat; and I followed him out, to draw deep breaths of a wind so cutting and fierce that even the frost lamps which sunrise was beginning to kindle upon the snow slopes seemed to shiver and blink in each gust.

By Keswick the transformation was always complete. Human beings had no further claims upon interest. Their sayings, and all the kindly things they must have done for me, are not chronicled in memory. Only once, and that was happily before I had left Keswick station, did a human incident recapture my attention for an instant, and succeed, remarkably, in maintaining its vividness in recollection. A genial, red-whiskered man in rough tweeds—he may be recognised as our unique John Robinson—hailed me: ‘Hullo, young man, oughtn’t you and I to talk?—nailed boots go straight to my heart!’ Nails, I fear, are now too common a sight upon the fells to pass for an introduction: so much the mountains have gained in the number of their followers and lost of their one-time fellowship.

Otherwise, even my ‘reading’ friends figured only as pleasant accidents connected with the evening home-comings; my day-long consciousness the mountains absorbed. The more I became

a master of their surface ways and natural defences the more they took possession of my imagination. For a time I kept up the unequal struggle; I flaunted maps and guide books over their heads to prove to them that they were no more than contours and watersheds, and I even phrased every fresh detail and event into long critical letters to myself. But they imposed themselves too imperiously: it was to be all in all, or not at all. I had to learn when among them to accept their moods, to follow their leading as that of autocrats in their own country, using an unknown speech; only to retain an individuality of my own strong enough to separate myself from them when the part they offered me in their play became too dangerous for an atom, or when they improvised upon emotions too complex for the compass of a small human intelligence. In time I grew content to be more theirs than they mine. It is not surprising that in my recollections of a novitiate so largely occupied with the study of new atmospheres the incidents have become confused with the feelings which they created, as in a Futurist design, or are only preserved in the mould of some humour which I was borrowing from the hills. There used to be a delightful toy, a crystal ball, with a cottage or rural scene in its heart. When the globe was shaken cunningly, snow whirled, and the scene lived. In the same way, I have but to catch the right crystal of a mood, and at a twirl all the happenings not of one but of many mountain days eddy simultaneously and vividly into life. Whole hot green days, of feverish trappings, of colt-like scampers down the slopes and of enthralling rock scrambles, days vibrating with discovery and with a nervousness of the unknown, are recoverable only as a single impression. All the hours that my unaccustomed skin was scorched up into blisters by the glare of succeeding hillsides, and all the contrasts of cold pools into which I plunged, so irritating the blisters the more, can be re-lived in a second's recall of the one feeling of acute facial discomfort. Down the side of Great Gable I may have been groping for hours in a dense fog; and suddenly a vast black bird, big as a tar barrel, swooped straight at my head. I flung up an arm: nothing struck it; and as I lowered it again my eyes, which had been long over-straining into an imagined void, clicked back into focus. I found I was looking out through a window of dissipating cloud at a dark patch of hillside on the face of Scafell across the valley. The abrupt shifting of the limit of sight, from a white remoteness up to a threatening black proximity and back again to a reasonable aloofness, twisted the universe into

a knot of dizziness, painful even to recall ; and in it as in a whirlpool all the events of the day have spun to a centre, and revolve half-submerged. If I am looking at the Honister Crag, impossibly distant against a morning sky, and in the same instant I am past it and struggling between the dank walls of the Pillar Stone, and still in the same instant I am stumbling back at midnight out of Borrowdale over the fell to Watendlath, convinced that all the ankle-breaking loose stones on the track are the petrified ex-postulations of former wayfarers, the coloured segments of the day have been torn from any context of space and time, and arrange themselves like the diamonds in a patchwork quilt. As on a quilt they are seen simultaneously, and, again like a quilt, they are spread out or rolled up together as a breath of the presiding humour of the day long past revives or recedes. On that day it was a humour of passive persistence, of gleeful holding on with set teeth while the hills poured like a cataract under my feet, and morning and evening rushed past over my head. Most insistent of all is a starlit winter nightfall of return over the Styhead Pass. Venus was astonishingly in the ascendant, and like a great silver gong oscillated above the hills. So incomparably brilliant, that on the slant of the snow beside me travelled a faint but perceptible violaceous darkening, my own shadow by star-shine. And all that memory is steeped in *sound* : it comes up from the past like the singing of a choir heard from the clerestory of a cathedral. The harmony of the white hills and of the silvery night was so overwhelming that it filled not only sight but all the senses ; and whenever imagination would now revive it, the ear of memory first responds, and to a rhythm as of chanting the star, the snow, and the silence are reborn. The most radiant picture ever fashioned by the poetry of words must have been the child of some such night, 'when the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy.'

A number, also, of sights and incidents which seemed to conflict with what I took to be the common mood, or which the hills made use of as a means to change it, importuned memory in a totally different fashion, and survived for the very reason of their incongruity or of their quality of surprise : the merry rattle of lichen upon the rocks heard through a clamour of storm and gloom ; the intersecting of lines on different planes from opposing hills, so as to form a single perfect arc against the sky ; the fleeting scarlet berries of a mountain ash curtsying impertinently over a jut of repellent

cliff; the flashing of 'jolly jewels' under the ripples of a grey rock pool; the bodies of spongy moss dangling like strings of green or tawny rabbit-backs along the edges of waterfalls; the desperate fear that broke in tumult over my confidence when I first realised that a rock may prove steeper than it looks, and had to use my teeth to help out my handholds; the magical change of heart from angry weariness to tranquillity at the sight of a stone-chat chaffing and flirting with me out of the mist. These and countless other foundlings of sight and thought are all gathered into the happy garden of little stray memories. To this there is no admission for those with useful minds, to whom their past lies open like a book with diagram and concordance. It is a fairy compensation to the forgetful. For the little lost memories to whom we have played the Pied Piper, and who have strayed after us out of time and place are peculiarly our own, and stay with us, orphaned but dancing gleefully. They are always there; to play hide-and-seek with us in dull moments, through surroundings whose variety would shock a geographer. For the happy garden is built up of diverse fragments of scenery, glimpses, unnoticed at the time, from white mountains, from northern forests, from eastern deserts, from many waters of torrent and sea and from the lanes and quiet fields. And through it, freed from all burden of likelihoods, scamper our strayaways, remembered voices, snatches of music, expressions, gestures, the spring of a child's foot, the curve of a stalk on the wind, the light of spring flowers brimming out at the edges of a copse, the feeling of the rush of a dive,—all only happy memories and all our children for life by involuntary adoption. One little rogue of a memory gave me some concern as I grew up. It would dance and play among the others, but whenever I sought it out alone it hid impishly and peeped out at me behind my back. One day I happened to walk down a path of overhanging yews, down which I had never dared to go more than half-way as a small child. I came to a corner where the trees blocked the further view—and I recognised my little stray memory! It was what I should have seen—but did not see—had I ventured round the corner! At the same instant my playmate left me for ever. For if by some chance we repass where one of our little memories belongs, the world of fact reclaims it, and it grows up straightway into a staid recollection with local responsibilities, never again to follow the Piper about the happy garden.

These primitive scrambling days made many recruits for my garden. It took long to master the difficulties of mountains,

longer to interpret their moods rightly. My observation of the surface had to be unremitting, and my intuition of the mood was the oftener at fault. A host of unrelated, half-seen views, unimportant sounds and meaningless gay movements of things, portions of a complete mountain thought had I grasped it more intelligently, escaped my imperfect assembling of impressions, and dodged when and where they pleased under the threshold of consciousness into secret corners of memory. As the years went by, and I took order with them, the shepherding came to be performed almost too thoroughly. The most irrelevant detail, every transient tone in a passing sunset, was swept up into consciousness and tenderly set back in its environment. My later children of vagrant memory are still numerous in the garden, but they are the trove of the sea, the city, and the level places. To the true mountaineer the 'precious things of the lasting hills' are a trust; and the wayward progress of a Pied Piper, of the eclectic traveller who steals the flower of every experience to thrust it as an arbitrary adornment into his personal record, seemed an unworthy trespass as soon as the terms of the trust became clear to me. The mountains were the home of their own marvellous impressions; and the vitality and force of their inspiration diminished in proportion as the impressions were separated from their home atmosphere. And the mountains were more: in return for my guardianship of their integrity they offered me a sanctuary for all the higher impulses, all the less sordid hopes and imaginings which visited me anywhere through the years. Whatever of honourable purpose or of unselfish delight the way of life suggested, I had but to put it to the test of a mountain setting and share it, when proven, with the heights and the wind, and I could be certain of finding it again, untouched by time and reinvigorating as youth itself, whenever and wherever I returned among the hills.

Solitude was essential for the creation of this mutual understanding with the mountains. But, as a practical consideration, while a little loneliness clarifies the mind of a man and restores his sense of proportion, more than enough makes him a little mad. On an evening descent of Grain Ghyll, where the water spurts in liquid prisms over lintels of a rock that we may call jasper, chrysoprase, jade, porphyry, beryl, serpentine, green agate, or green chalcedony, according to our sense of colour or our absence of knowledge, I became aware that the rocks and wind were speaking to me from somewhere inside my ears, with tongues, and I was startled to hear my own voice, as it were that of another person some way off,

raised in loud reply. Unquestionably the emotional intimacy with nature had been carried far enough for the time. Companionship was needed to restore the balance between nature and human nature, and to enable me to obtain in the security of combination a more competent knowledge of climbing pure and simple. Instinct told me that the better climber I made myself, the less risk there would be, should I venture again alone, of this mountain exhilaration, almost exaltation, capturing the workings of the spirit to an extent irreconcilable with reason and safety.

The enterprising members of a 'reading party' responded generously. With the aid of a borrowed hay-rope we turned to serious rock-climbing. The perilous cycle began with a crossing of the Pillar, where the hay-rope performed salvationist miracles upon an uncharted descent of the west face. It ended in a race for the Napes Needle in a thick fog. Now the Needle was only seldom and solemnly climbed in those days. I must have found it first; for I recollect scuttling up it like a lizard and peeping over from the shoulder. My only fear—then—was that a friend might burst out of the mist below and still beat me in the race for the top. But on the descent I jammed my knee in the well-known narrows of the crack, and I had plenty of time to absorb something of the suggestive terror of the downward view.

The passion for rock-climbing caught hold. It had developed in logical order out of a steady apprenticeship to the hills, and there was no danger of the manifold interests that make up the happiness of mountaineering being lost sight of among the apparatus of its attractive rock gymnasium. To be introduced to mountains only as to occasions for prodigious feats too often means the permanent entanglement of our feet and fingers in the outer fringes of the real mountain glory. And it is no less applicable a truism that to have supped unwholesomely upon sensation at our dawn of enterprise renders us cloyed and uninterested before our midday manhood, and, often, spleenful and uninteresting in our reminiscent decline. But difficult climbing comes in its natural place when the enthusiasm for the mountain world is already a vigorous growth, and when the body, its muscles and nerves, are beginning to clamour for an equal share in the active delight. The charm of effort is then no longer a distraction. To indulge and increase skill and strength serves but to multiply our opportunities for discovering new and healthy sensation, and widens and deepens the capacity of our enthusiasm to enjoy them.

We cannot walk, or climb, for long among mountains without

noticing that our senses are most responsive to external impressions when the fibres of our body are working at their hardest, in harmony with the will. It was not unnatural to assume that, similarly, the mountain spirit could best be reached through the mountain form, and that the more intricate the curves and the bolder the precipices that I climbed, the deeper I should penetrate into its subtleties. Not that I looked far for such a justification. The impulse came like a lift in a long run of tide, and I was swept off gentler ways to batter against the rocks of steeper adventure with every instinct and every muscle and every chosen comrade reinforcing the inclination. In our nursery there had hung, from the beginning of time, two pictures of the limestone cliffs of Gordale Scar, labelled by the donor 'The road to church' and 'The road from church.' I did not suspect a joke, and certainly never conceived of not going to church! So I always saw the precipices peopled by flocks of volitant little boys, in Sunday sailor suits, prayer-book in hand, and headed by a balloon-like governess with an umbrella. The trick of the eye returned. I now saw every crag plastered with limpet figures, in a more rational garb; and since they were no longer to fly but to clamber safely, every rift and boss had to be tried or inspected in order to make certain that its fashion of structure would render their progress probable.

The dissimilar fastnesses, for they were then still fastnesses, of Wales, of Scotland, of Ireland, and of many sea-cliffs and accidental crags, supplied each something towards the training of the muscles and of the eye, and through them towards the understanding of hills. The climber's quest urges him deep into the innermost recesses of the mountains, and keeps him relatively stationary, but alert, for long periods. He has time to familiarise himself with a view under changing aspects of light, to pierce below details and to ascertain the relationship, and the intention, of line and form. The Coolin and the abrupt mountains of the western coasts are then first seen to have reason for their severity, because of their association with the sea, its level relief and complement of luminous motion: the precipitance of the Cumbrian fells, compressed and hurrying together to shake off the confinement of the plains, has a new meaning; they are competing like forest trees for the sunlight, and concern themselves with little but their display of eminence and skyline; and yet, lest we might judge them disdainful of their valleys, our eye is daringly swept over the lines of connection by a profusion of foot-hills, of wing-bluffs and scarpments, each a model of mountain outline in miniature: among the York-

shire uplands, rightly called the Dales, the skyline is little regarded, and the hills are but supports between which the folds and hollows of the dales are suspended in noble curves of ever-changing tension : in the Cheviot neither the hill nor the valley predominates, they excel in the sheer simplicity of their junction, in the contrast of the bold spring of the bases of the hills with the meadow flatness of the river valleys : throughout the mountains of Cambria the height and fall of the peak and the fall and rise of the valley are linked in an inseparable and continuous perfection of line ; so that neither may be considered apart, we cannot feel that their summits belong only to the region of clouds nor their depressions only to the low lands, their opposition seeming like the undulation in an isolated, higher world : on the lesser ranges, the wolds and the wealds, Chiltern, Wrekin, Quantock, Inkpen, Cotswold, Mendip—what a turbulence of rugged jovial sounds are these names of old British hills !—unassuming outline takes heart under a bravery of verdure and coloration : the grandeur of Northumbrian moorland is confident in its monotony, for it cannot be seen except in kinship with its only neighbour, the wind-driven sky : the Cornish moors without great expanse or seclusion to give them feature rely at the last upon their surprise of summit tors to recall the proximity of granite cliff and surf and the pageant of forgotten races.

These Cornish capes had another and a very different association, one agreeable with a time when solitude seemed still distasteful and the unbroken circle of friends formed a halo surrounding every hour of active living ; for it was on the northern cliffs that there came to two of us the idea of the mountain Man Hunt, an enticing and agonising game which for nearly a quarter of a century has pricked the silences of summer hills with outbursts of excited voices and the furious thudding of feet. But in those idealistic days even a flint summer-house seemed rich with interpretations, and haystacks and trees were volumes filled with guileful suggestion.

When I returned again to the fells I was ready for a more responsible share in the mountain partnership. I had learned that the fun of climbing was grounded upon discipline, a discipline of the mind as well as of the strength, that the mountains themselves followed design, and that the exultation of the spirit among them had law for its base. I felt myself, indeed, sufficiently prepared to meet any further phase of revelation with the self-reliance and self-restraint of a mountaineering manhood. And the capriciousness—or was it the wisdom ?—of the hills responded, at the very

gateway of entry into my new kingdom, by giving me back—my childhood!

As I walked out into Borrowdale I was recalling, to make a rhythm for the feet, the stately passages which recount how the revelation of the mountain was once made to Moses. He had gone prepared; he had gone with comrades for the hills, but alone to meet the Voice; and he had returned from the mystery of clouds and height bringing—law. And at that moment the cloud-bank parted over a high sunrise, and above the dark end of the valley floated into sight an island of silver crests, wintry Glaramara, snow-domed and glittering through a clear window of sky, infinitely high, not of the race of snow hills that I knew, but of the mountains I had dreamed.

In other years these recurring visions of great peaks, cloud-girt in space, home-lands for all the gods of our fancy, have never failed to kindle each their own fresh wonder, their own renewed excitement—Olympus, a rolling tableland of snow drifting above a haze of lilac coast and sea; Mont Blanc from the Val Veni, a moonlit spire framed in a grey corona of glacier and travelling mist; Snowdon on an arctic evening, a white cone set far out against the sunset beyond the sea, with one blood-red sword-ray reaching from its summit to the zenith. But that first sight, the hidden promise on the snows of Glaramara, joined hands across the amazement of the moment with the dreamland of the past. I was again a boy, possessed with the shapes of an imagined Alpine world. Nor was that all the revelation which the mountains purposed for this moment; the road, unaccountably, became a lane, between towering hedges in place of the hills, and above, in mid sky, the snows flamed suddenly into a cupola of pink glass, out of which something strange and friendly was just going to appear—for me alone.

The wind from those snows of Glaramara, from the dream-heights of boyhood, from the fairy palaces of childhood, blew upon a tide of longing for greater glacial peaks which had been rising steadily and imperceptibly during all the years of unconscious preparation. At its breath the first wave crested and broke. For twenty-five uneasy, happy years the wind has blown challengingly, and the waves of response have crested and swept against it ceaselessly, to break now upon this range, now upon that; and although among the chances of life they have spent something of their force and frequency, time has brought no stilling of the desire, no hungering for calm.

AMERICANA.

BEING THE DISCONNECTED THOUGHTS OF A TOURIST.

Six weeks in a new land enable no man to know its nature or its heart. Yet so short a visit allows the visitor to leave with the impression and shock of superficial characteristics undimmed in his mind. I know nothing of America save the way it cuts its hair, the angle of its hat, the pimple on its nose. But these still seem—vividly, though often pleasurably so—strange to my eyes.

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If you have never been to the United States, I wonder what you imagine to be the most immediately striking difference between that land and England. The accent with which our common tongue is spoken? The high buildings? The sky-signs which make night wonderful in the cities? The negroes one sees at every corner? The absence of alcohol and its effects? None of these things makes half the impression on an English mind that is made by one tiny and unimportant—or so I think it—difference: what the people smoke. Cigars, cigars everywhere. Your taximan, the clerk at the hotel, the man about town, the farmer, the street-corner loafer, the senator, the bookseller, the business man, almost all the men, in fact, are smoking cigars in the States; whereas with us—I state it merely as an anthropological fact, implying blame or praise to no party—nobody except a Jew smokes a cigar—save occasionally at one's host's expense after a very good dinner. But the sight of an ordinary unassuming young Gentile walking along the street, in the daytime, with a large cigar in his mouth must take an Englishman years to see without surprise. In my six weeks' trip I doubt if I saw six pipes being smoked, and cigarettes were almost exclusively 'used' by Englishmen and by a very few women—highbrows and chorus girls for the most part, since smoking is taboo to nearly all American women.

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America is a practical country, though not a country without ideals; it has many ideals, often of things which we do not think about, or, if we do think of them, we merely sentimentalise them

in our minds. Drink is an example. Americans have made for themselves an ideal not only of what to drink and what not to drink—alcohol is now definitely vanquished by iced water, mint-phosphate and chocolate-malted-milk—but also of how you shall drink. An immense amount of American energy and thought has been devoted to the problem of the promiscuous yet hygienic consumption of water, with the result that one may quench one's thirst at every turn with the utmost cleanliness. In the trains, at the end of every carriage, are little machines whence you may draw a fresh watertight envelope to use as a drinking cup, and, when used, to throw away. In every hotel lounge, at every street corner in certain towns, are drinking-fountains such as are a joy to contemplate—not abominations fitted with dirty iron cups, but each one a basin of white china from the centre of which wells up a ceaseless flow of clear water rising untainted and untaintable, no matter who the last drinker may have been, to meet one's lips as one stoops to drink. It is like drinking deep at the Pierian spring. One rises, refreshed, to write a sonnet to an American drinking-fountain.

There were three men famous in the United States at the time of the Presidential election, Governor Cox, Senator Harding, and Babe Ruth. The last is sometimes also playfully referred to in the Press as 'The Bambino.' He is the baseball player *par excellence*, but he has numerous other activities. He plays the hero in cinematograph films heavily laden with 'sob-stuff.' He writes articles in, and is interviewed for, the newspapers. Every gramophone shop in New York now exhibits on a placard the words 'A stirring talk by Babe Ruth. Come in and hear it.' He seems to pervade all of life—as it is lived on hoardings, in newspapers, and in shop windows. Other sporting celebrities have their outside activities. James J. Corbett, of old days, is a 'movie star.' Jack Dempsey is 'featured' all over the Union in a film called 'Dare-devil Jack' though the World War knew him not, and recently he was prosecuted—unsuccessfully it is true—for evading draft. But Babe Ruth is the king of them all, and of everyone in the States—on the hoardings.

None of these celebrities, all cinematograph stars in a secondary

capacity, did I meet. But of one real movie star—the sort about which the comedians in the Broadway reviews make half their jokes—I did make the acquaintance :—a clever woman—every flapper in the forty-eight states and not a few in Peckham and Kensington worship and tremble at her name—a clever woman who has made her position by her brains, and has damaged them a bit in the process. Her cleverness seems to have become dulled and not quite sure of itself, weighted over with the mass of second-rate emotion in and by which she lives, and which she despises without quite knowing how to do without it. Her public character, always invading her private life, makes her live for ever in one great ‘publicity stunt.’ Her clothes scented so heavily that those who do not see her arrival in a room yet turn round to investigate the smell, her face not ‘made up’ but painted with dark reds and vivid whites almost out of semblance of a human countenance, she goes through the world showering photographs (no doubt paid for by her film company) and autographs around her—all her energies are devoted to creating an ever-increasing snowball of people who know Miss Blank, or have seen Miss Blank, or have a cousin who has met Miss Blank, or have some other distant connexion with Miss Blank. A decent, quickwitted woman, she is almost smothered by the necessity, or desire, of appearing constantly before mankind as a tawdry sort of queen. A pathetic figure and a portent—but of what I do not quite know.

‘Do you go much to the theatre?’ the editor of a weekly journal asked me? I said I did so fairly often. He sighed, and looked at me longingly, as at one coming from a land where the theatre might still be frequented enjoyably. ‘In England,’ he continued, ‘you do have stars, of course, but the others of the company do not lag behind them as lamentably as they do with us. Your productions are usually well acted all through.’ I tried not to gasp too obviously, and changed the subject, for I had not then been to any American theatres. Next day I met an English producer who is at present working in America. ‘Before I left England,’ he told me, ‘I spent all my energy fighting the actor-manager. I now realise that he is an idealist, a man with standards, as compared with the deadening commercialism of the stage here.’ Later I went to four theatres in New York, and surely what my friends said was true. One was a musical comedy, so bad, so devoid of plot, so tuneless, so dismally

acted, that one wondered how it could attract an audience. Another show was the Ziegfeld Follies, a machine-made, moderately competent review, very lacking in humour, save for one blessed moment when an old London favourite, W. C. Fields, was gloriously ridiculous upon Harry Tate lines. The third show I saw was 'The Famous Mrs. Fair,' a rather limp handling of an excellent theme, the return home of the much-paragraphed war-worker; this was splendidly acted in parts by two old-established favourites, while the rest of the cast seemed to arrive by a later train. Finally I saw 'Welcome Stranger,' a poorish play, but a clever piece of pro-Jewish propaganda, rapturously received by an audience chiefly Semitic. The whole thing was supported on the shoulders of one man, Mr. George Sidney, a brilliant Jewish comedian with a mastery of the quieter shades of stage technique and a soft ingratiating voice which made the feeblest japes seem pretty good, and wrung the last drop from any really good remark that came his way. We could find room for Mr. Sidney in London, I suspect. Which reminds me that judging from the number of familiar names I saw in American play-bills there seems to be no need for English actors to be jealous of the few of their American brothers who make a success in England. There seems to be a fair exchange going on. But the stage is one of the least cheering of transatlantic topics; the American theatre has worked so hard to make money that it has forgotten its first duty of being—at the least—amusing.

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The Englishman approaches America to-day with an apprehension that he will be received with hostility. He need fear no such thing, for he will meet with no discourtesy; or at any rate none that is directed against him as an Englishman. An occasional tram conductor or restaurant waiter may appear, to English eyes, to be rude, but his rudeness is merely the assertion of the newly enfranchised soul that it is as good as any other body's soul; an assertion all the more violent because of a latent doubt of its own truth. But from ordinary well-established Americans the visiting Englishman meets with only kindness and hospitality. If there is anything certain it is that the 'anti-English feeling' is not spontaneous, but is a thing organised for certain political ends—Sinn Fein and others—and living chiefly in the pens of sensational journalists and on the banners of depressed-looking ladies, who parade the streets informing us that 'the English are the most

barbarous of all peoples pretending to civilisation.' What little reality there may be in this feeling is greater in the east than in the west. But the main impression left on my mind is that Americans—real Americans, not Irishmen or Russians or Germans—are intensely interested in what England will do, notably with Ireland, but do appreciate our difficulties and, moreover, do realise that the solution is our business. However, it is for us to remember, on one side, that the Irish are making themselves a nuisance in America, and by seeing to it that their affairs shall interfere with the smooth running of American business, are causing an irritation which is bound to react to some extent against England if we do not find our solution quickly.

The scene is one of the main streets of Salt Lake City. On a chair in the window of a smallish shop sits a boy of some twelve years old. His feet are bare and rather dirty. He takes not the slightest interest in his surroundings nor in the crowd watching him from the street, and his face bears no other expression but that of a mild interest in the baseball news which he is reading. As he is an American boy the interest shown on his face is mild only because, in all probability, he has been reading the same paper since early morning. By his side stands a man in a whitish apron who, with a quill, is applying some liquid to the toe-nails of the boy. To the man's mouth is strapped the mouthpiece of a long flexible speaking-tube, which is connected, through a hole cut in the plate-glass, with a gramophone horn jutting out into the street. Through this contraption the man's voice, in a rather tinned condition, reaches us. 'Curisto,' he informs us, 'is the only remedy for ingrowing toe-nails known to science. Two drops applied once a day for a week in the corner of the defaulting nail will cause it to repent of its evil courses and stop growing in. The price is fifteen cents a bottle.' I feel sure that I have not got the gentleman's harangue quite correctly reported, but I have given the substance of it. The idea seemed to me a fine one in an advertising way. My only doubt was whether it would not have been as efficacious if the boy's feet had been clean.

Salt Lake City is the capital of Utah, and, as such, the centre of the Church of the Latter-day Saints, though the city itself has a

slight majority of Gentiles—as non-Mormons are called in Utah—in its population. The Mormons would delight Mr. Bottomley, if he believes not only in a business State but in a business Church, for their Church is surely the most commercial religious body in the world. Every Mormon, if he or she is to enjoy the full benefit of the Church, is forced to pay it a tithe of his or her earnings. Not only this, but further the Church engages in commercial undertakings on a large scale. It is even said, possibly scandalously, that it has a big interest in a sugar trust which is operating very profitably in the State of Utah. Certainly and avowedly a vast and luxurious hotel, an equally important 'department store,' a theatre, and the Saltair pleasure resort, are the property of this enterprising Church. Saltair is a sort of Earl's Court planted on piles over the waters of the great Salt Lake. It has bathing places, scenic railways, magic grottoes, hot-dog stalls, roller-skating rinks, and a huge dancing hall. For all these, presumably, the Church is responsible, as also for the notice that 'Ladies and Gentlemen are requested not to throw candy or chewing-gum on the dance floor.' It is a new and surprising form of religious activity.

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One of the smaller things of life, which yet makes the travelling Englishman uncomfortable for quite a considerable proportion of his time in the States, is the question of whom to tip, and this being decided, the corollary of how much. On the whole one may say that far fewer persons expect tips in America—especially in the West, than in England or the Continent of Europe. When colour steps in to help one, all is, of course, easy: a nigger is easily recognised and may always be tipped. But with one's fellow whites it is more difficult, for one's motor driver may easily be a parson supplementing a meagre stipend or a student earning his next term's fees and keep at the University. No American holds it a disgrace to do manual labour, but many would resent bitterly the offer of a tip. So the Englishman has to go gingerly, and often the struggle between the knowledge that he must not offer money to such a one, and the inbred feeling that the services he is receiving are such as should be tipped, causes him extreme discomfort. Such a feeling, indeed, prevented me from having my boots cleaned—or, in the local idiom, 'shoes shined'—the whole time I was in the West; for in those parts one does not put one's boots outside one's bedroom door to be cleaned, but one has to put them on dirty, and

then seat oneself on a high seat while a man cleans them on one's feet. It is an uncomfortable proceeding—personally I find it tickles my feet so much that I want to giggle all the time—and the eminence on which one is seated fills one with modesty and nervousness. The object of this altitude, by the way, is to make it possible for the 'shoe shiner' to operate without having to kneel before his customer—a proceeding which would be regarded as servile and degrading.

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The Press is an omnipresent feature in American life. The smallest community has a newspaper—or rather it usually has two, one for the Democrats and one for the Republicans. These papers, I should say, are supported almost entirely by their advertisements, for their price and circulation are so small and their bulk so great that they could not otherwise make a profit. Bulk is the chief aim of every American paper; sheet after sheet must be filled somehow; accuracy is not necessary, it appears hardly even to be desired by the journalists. Verbosity and overproduction are the curse of the American paper. In the smaller towns the local paper will have two or three columns filled with the chronicle of what people have been seen shopping, who has dined with whom, and the like. In the larger papers a headline does not aim at indicating briefly the subject and trend of the article beneath it, but tries to give a *résumé*, which often becomes so long as to defeat its own object, for it has to be puzzled over as one extracts the meaning from a badly expressed telegram. A favourite trick is to put a headline in an inverted form, such, for example, as 'New Red Plot threatens New York Customs house marked, is warning.' As an instance of a complicated headline I noticed 'Wash boiler honored of old under frown of dry forces as J. B. Corn's hiding place,' which is intended to imply that wash-boilers are now used for the illegitimate purpose of distilling whisky, though I cannot undertake to explain all the stages through which this meaning has to be established. Sometimes, however, the sense is fairly clear and picturesquely expressed: 'Fugitive, on shooting jag, beamed with bullet; stops,' is a pretty vivid short description of an affray with revolvers ending in the death of its originator. But I found the papers tiresome, noisy, and dull, though often the 'Weekly Magazine' supplements of some of the big New York papers are very well done. But then weekly and monthly journals in America are far

better produced, more dignified, and more sensible than are the daily newspapers.

America cannot, from the nature of things, have a strongly developed regard for the past; but it is full of thought for the future—which comes to the same thing, for it merely means making sure that those who are to come shall have a past to cherish. Nothing is so notable an example of this thought for the future as the setting aside of vast tracts of the loveliest country in the West as forest reserves and National Parks. No country in the world has such wonderful natural features assured, as far as is humanly possible, of preservation, as are contained in the Yellowstone Park, the Glacier Park, the Sequoia Park, the Mesa Verde Park (containing the cliff dwellings which are the only historic ruins in the States), the Grand Cañon, and the rest. Through them the buffalo, the bear, the eagle, the giant sequoia trees, and hundreds of other living things are secured from extinction, and the American can feel that, whatever the progress of civilisation, his descendants will always be able to see what virgin forest and mountain were like. England might, as a State, remember that it too has its beautiful places and birds and animals which the future will like to know, and not leave their safety to private patriotism. It is a lesson we could well learn from America, where the future—or is it the past?—is cared for, and even the Indian—the loneliest figure in the world—has his reservations, though they are less noble than those of the buffalo and the mountain goat.

I met a very brave, or at any rate a very confident, man, an English novelist spending six months in America in order to write a book about it. He was at the beginning of his time when I met him, and I wonder how he will feel at the end of it. Like a six-months'-old baby, I suspect, with a contract to write a history of the Universe; for there are all things in the vast and changing United States, and were one to travel them all one's life, the comment could but be superficial—as are a thousandfold these notes—though full of kindness and admiration.

THE HOVER-GROUND.

I HAD better tell the story myself, though Lonsdale, I know, could tell it far better than I—but he has refused. Old Mr. Brundish, if only he could write, would put it before the public in far more picturesque language than either of us, but Brundish is of the remaining few, who, as he expresses it, 'never had no larnen.'

This chronicle, then, of Sir Thomas Bowden-Bewick will in my hands be a patchwork, for I must piece together what Lonsdale told me in the smoking-room of the Art Club—from those comfortable armchairs, the two we always use, opposite Bewick's wonderful picture, 'The Mill,' which he bequeathed to the club—and what old Mr. Brundish told me on the marshes; and difficult enough it was to keep the old gentleman to his narrative, for he loved the side paths which led to his 'brood o' ducks,' or his 'proper gude litter o' pigs.' Firm as I was, it was difficult to nail him down to Lavender London and the history of her everlasting attachment to Bewick and the wonderful portrait of herself that she possessed, painted in Bewick's best days, soon after his first return from Rome—Lonsdale always says in the very heyday of his work. Perhaps in later years his painting did become a little academic; rather, it lost the spontaneity of youth so marked when 'Sweet Lavender, here's Flowers for you!' hung in the place of honour in the big room of the Academy and created such a stir in the art world. Oh, the pity of it, the crime—there is no other word to use—that this masterpiece—the girl standing in the old cottage garden, with lavender bushes around her, the whole a scheme of delicate greys, blues, and purples, the one note of colour her fresh complexion and rippling fair hair—to think that before she died she should insist on having the picture cremated in front of her and the ashes buried with her—a lavender muslin bag placed, as she had instructed, in her bosom.

Sir Thomas Bowden-Bewick had appointed me one of the trustees of the fund which he left to purchase his earlier works for the nation whenever one should chance to come into the market. Lonsdale is my co-trustee, and we have, I am glad to say, bought several gems, now in the Tate Gallery, but this masterpiece, the picture which brought Bewick into fame,

just for the sentiment of an old woman, is destroyed. And I who wanted it for the nation had to be present at its obsequies when I attended the funeral of Miss Lavender London.

I told Lonsdale about the funeral, and as I spoke I all but wept. I told him also, as we solaced ourselves with a couple of excellent Henry Cleys, what I had gathered from Mr. Brundish, and when I finished up with a bitter diatribe on the selfish sentiment of Miss Lavender he surprised me by saying in his slow, thoughtful way—

‘After all, Lavender London was in a great measure justified in her action.’

‘What?’ I exclaimed, jumping up from my chair. ‘What?’

‘Well, she was only getting her own back—putting her action in the worst light.’

‘But you can’t tell me that anyone is justified in going to such an extreme as to try to get his own back on the nation? Absurd!’

“‘Putting her action in the worst light,’” I said, ‘was his reply. He paused to think. ‘I don’t believe she had any such idea; no, it was just the last flicker of her great love of him, the great love they both maintained through their life of celibacy, some thirty-five years or more. She wanted to take all the soul of Bewick she had ever possessed to the grave with her, and I don’t see why she should have considered the nation.’

‘Well,’ I said after a deal of argument, ‘I want to vindicate myself—our two selves, rather—and you, Lonsdale, had better write down the facts just to show posterity the reason why the picture is not in the keeping of the nation.’ But as I have said, Lonsdale declined.

‘You write the history,’ he said; ‘put it down very much as old Brundish told it you, together with what I have given you of Lavender London when I first saw her, thirty and more years ago. Yes, just state facts, and I shouldn’t be too hard on Lady Temple; of course she stopped Bewick marrying Lavender, but she did it out of love and pride of her brother and great ambition for his success and for the high place he was to take in art and society, and which he did take. We must never forget that in the early ‘eighties life was a different thing from what it is nowadays. A marriage of that kind damned a man’s prospects, however great his talents. Times have changed,’ he went on, speaking to himself rather than to me. ‘We must not look at Lady Temple’s action through the spectacles of the present day.’

‘I’ll do my best,’ I replied, ‘but it won’t be easy, for I never

liked Lady Temple, apart from her interference with her brother's attachment. She was fussy with her knowledge of art, and when she was not talking art and telling of Ruskin, Tennyson, Morris, and the pre-Raphaelites, and all the wonderful people of that beautifully quiet, thoughtful age—"the circle," as she called them—she was everlastingly talking of the family—the Bewicks—of which grand structure her brother was the apex. "It was greatly under my influence that he—" and so on *ad infinitum*. An autocrat and a big bore, I thought her, but there, she is dead, as is Bewick and now Miss Lavender London.'

So I will put this chronicle together in the spirit, if not in the words, of Mr. Brundish, and will leave out all criticism of Lady Temple's actions.

It was a few days after I had gone down to Norfolk to make my last bid for 'Sweet Lavender, here's Flowers for you!' and found that instead of bargaining with the living I was to accompany to the graveside the one between whose folded hands rested, in a little flowered, lavender-coloured bag, the ashes of what the world would have held priceless, that I met the dear old man. I had wandered to the Upper Street staithe. All Broadland villages anywhere near the river have their staithe, but Upper Street staithe is a good half-mile from the village. The staithe, except by the very edge, which is marl, is just layer upon layer of rotten reed, the accumulation of centuries—broken ends of reed, little pieces barely two inches long, going down not less than four feet, dry on the top and springy to walk on, as if one were walking on a water-bed, and that is really what it is, for the piling has been neglected and the ground is soaked through and through by the percolation of the river.

All about me were sheaves of reed piled up in beautiful groups like shocks of corn in harvest—*shoves* they are called. There was *litter* in untidy heaps, boated from off the neighbouring marshes, and there were great clumps of purple loosestrife and meadow-sweet, growing luxuriantly on the edge of the dyke that cuts into the staithe. It is a delightful spot, and so I found it on that sunny July afternoon. There is little or no trade doing at Upper Street staithe, and the reed and *litter* appeared to be stacked or shot down without fetcher, carrier, or owner. A rotting, half-submerged skeleton of a marsh-boat was chained pathetically to a post, abandoned for good, apparently, by its one-time possessor.

I was lolling against a few upright *shoves* of reed, thinking of the days when I first knew Bewick and he was wild with delight

over the Norfolk scenery to which I had introduced him, when I was aroused from my reverie by the *peep, peep, peep*, of young ducks who, somehow, had got into the submerged boat and were unable to get out. They hung together in a solid lump, standing straight up in the water, their undeveloped wings flapping, their beaks wide open, while their distracted cries caused much perturbation and useless running backwards and forwards on the part of an old hen. Then, round one of the stacks, came Mr. Brundish, bent and slow, leaning on an ash stick.

'Drat yer! Yer must trape 'em down here, yer old fule, yer,' and with his wideawake hat he hit the hen a resounding smack on the wing. He poised himself on the gunwale of the boat and dexterously scooped the brood into his hat, but there were some ten of the clutch and they spilled over on the ground and fled in every direction.

'Here, let me help you, Brundish,' I said, rising from my seat and plunging into a bed of nettles. But the old man screamed after me:

'Don't yer, don't yer, for Gawd's sake, Master Charles; young duck be that brittle less yer be used ter handling on 'em like I be. They break like glass; they be all thighs and legs and necks, 'tis done in a twink. Dew yer keep my handkerchief over my hat as I picks 'em up. There, that's proper, that'll keep 'em safe,' he said encouragingly as I tried to carry out his directions. It is pleasant to be called Master Charles when one is going grey and bald, but a little humiliating to feel that the old man who knew me when I really was *Master* Charles still detected the incompetence—if only in the manner of catching ducks—that he must have known in me as a child.

'Spiteful old warmen, ain't yer?' and he addressed the hen who with much clatter of outspread wings, and head and beak extended, attacked his thigh boots. 'What yer want ter dingle 'em down here for? I'll pay yer,' and he tried to kick the bird but, failing, nearly toppled over himself. I walked back with the old fellow, thinking that I might still be of use, for the ducks, in spite of the handkerchief, were for ever on the point of overflowing the brim of his hat.

Besides I wanted to talk with him of Lavender.

I had seen him at the funeral a few days previously. 'Thought I' better be there, only right and proper,' he said half apologetically. 'I knowed her as a tot of a child; oftentimes she ha' given me a bull's

eye from her mouth when I met her walkin' ter scule. Lor! that seem a lifetime ago.'

He went on to tell me a great deal about Lavender that I knew, interspersed with some that I did not, and a great deal of hearsay besides, which was more or less relevant to the story. As I said, he mixed it with his pigs and poultry, but this is the matter of it—

'Oh, yes, I can direct yer ter the house as Sir Thomas—lestways he worn't Sir Thomas then—built. The house he built as he and Lavender wor going ter live in, and he wor waitin' till that wor finished. That wor barnt, yer remembers, and I allus maintains as how that wor foul play, but, there, that be entirely 'tween yer and me, Master Charles. Howsomever that wor barnt, and that seemed ter nullify the marriage, things took a different tarn arter that, though they kept company all their lives. That wor down on the hover-grounds—there be a spit o' hard land run down nigh the Reedham Swim. Young Bewick bought that together with a mesh or tew; he allus had plenty o' money.'

'On the hover-grounds, eh?' Strange, I thought, for Lonsdale had once said to me 'Bewick had a wonderful character, brilliant, upright, of the most lovable, but he lacked decision, was sometimes on the hover-grounds, as it were.'—And so he built his house on them, too!

'Yes, yer can trace the foundations now, daresay,' went on the old, monotonous voice. 'If yer can't see 'em 'tis opposite the cut he made from the river, though that's most growed up.' He tugged at my sleeve. 'Dew yer keep along the side where 'tis hard—funny place them hover-grounds.'

The land that has earned this name lies in a bend of the river. Below Ludham Bridge the stream sweeps outwards and then, as Brundish says, 'nips in' just by Little Reedham, and the hover-ground is in the half-hoop it makes. Afterwards, the river straggles on, a turn here, a bend there, till it runs straight through Instead Shoals and so into Barton. Years ago the country was one vast swamp, impassable, and to this day there are places that would let you through to everlasting blackness if the crust broke—places where, as you move, the ground waves with your weight and the alder bushes nod at your approach. 'Only duzzy fules and bahd-neesters try the short cuts; dew yer keep round on the walls, Master Charles,' was Brundish's injunction. 'Then when yer comes back we'll have a rare mardle over she, that we will. Not as how there's much ter talk over, arter all.'

I went round by the *walls*, the term in Norfolk for the high, built-up banks through the marshlands on which the track is kept for 'beasts' and for the cartage of the *litter* and hay which is not brought home in boats. I found the little tongue of land which runs out hard and firm from Irstead or Neatishead, I forget which, where Bewick had built his house.

It was the very spot I would have expected him to choose, overlooking miles of the flat country he loved to paint after he had broken away from the Burne-Jones influence and had discovered Old Crome and had started his big sky effects. The flower foreground that I found at the spot where I knew the house had been placed was just the tangle of nature he always wanted, and I guessed the picture at which I was looking was what he had seen when he chose where he and Lavender should live. Meadowsweet, a mile or more of it, broke like foam on the *walls* on which I had been walking; knapweed, every kind of thistle, loosestrife, yellow and purple, and willowherb in pink showers, coloured the landscape; and out on the quaking ground cotton-grass, with its puffs of white down showing the dangers of its abode, lost itself in acre on acre of ragged robin. But it was the sky that made me pause; never had I realised the majesty of the heavens as I did at that moment. Over Yarmouth were piled masses of clouds, with silver edges and slashes of emerald between them, while above me in the azure, brown and yellow spindrift, seemed to cover as a thin veil the gates of heaven.

Traces of the house there were none that I could detect, but the cut leading to the river was there, impassable with candle-rush, scented-rush, and sedge. Tom Bewick, as he was to all of us in those days, had come on my recommendation to these flower-strewn lands on his return from Rome, not so very many years after he had come down from Oxford, rich in honours, for he was a brilliant scholar. He was full of health and vigour, handsome as a Greek god, with heaps of money, and with that genius for the art which was to make him famous just showing itself. All the world was at his feet. In London he moved in the best society, and he was looked on as one of the greatest catches of the many-favoured young men of his day.

The marsh country enslaved him, and he at once took rooms at the Half Moon in the Upper Street. He hired a barn close by and turned it into a studio and piled paint on canvas as he only could. I have always thought his knife work was the most wonderful

of his achievements, the use made of it in his cloudscapes, for that was what at the time his pictures became—clouds and the lowest of low horizons. It was then he met Lavender; her mother kept the village shop. They did not belong to Upper Street, though there are Londons there to this day, but no relations. Mrs London as a widow had migrated 'from Cossey way,' had bought the business, and Lavender, then about three-and-twenty, served the customers. Bewick was soon one of them. To quote Brundish: 'She had a body as lissom as an osier, hair the colour o' ripe barley, eyes that wor the blue o' the sky, and a complexion pink as hawthorn afore the petals fall.' The girl's disposition was as sweet as her name; she was merry without being boisterous, shy when talking to gentlefolks, retiring rather than forward.

It was not long before Bewick was using her as a model—I remember he told me that Lavender had granted him that privilege. Behind the little bow-windowed shop—it is somebody's stores now—was an old garden with gnarled apple-trees and a sea of lavender bushes, and here the picture that made him was painted.

Tom Bewick did not fall in love with Lavender immediately. Perhaps he resisted—perhaps he was on the hover-ground Lonsdale had spoken of; myself, I think he was so awed by the beauty of the girl that he did not deem himself worthy of her. He always underrated his position even after he was given his knighthood.

But there came the moment when he could resist those fresh, rosy lips no longer. He returned to Upper Street from his London studio pale, worn, and fevered, and he had to speak. Lavender behaved grandly—she utterly refused him. 'She knowed,' Brundish said, 'as how ile never mix along o' water.' Bewick left, returned, left again, again returned, and it was just the weakness in the man that took hold of Lavender's heart and broke down her defences. She must have had great strength of will to have resisted his supplications for as long as she had done—the man was intensely fascinating. I can still see him standing to receive his guests at the top of the marble staircase which led from a Mauresque court to his London studio; I can still see the classical face, the trim beard, the athletic figure, and those wonderful pleading eyes of his. Yes, Lavender must have had hard battles with herself to have held out for as long as she did.

I saw him shortly after his acceptance—in London, for my connexion with Norfolk had ceased. He was radiant, absolutely

contented, though he did say to me 'Do you think I shall be able to train her—for studio Sunday receptions, for instance?'

Bewick was ten years older than myself, and it was not for me to point out what he must well have known, that a young country girl, not much above a peasant, could hardly accommodate herself to the educated and exclusive society in which he delighted. He went on to tell me that he was doing nothing in a hurry. That decision was fatal to the happiness for which he was hoping, for it gave others, whose words had more weight than my own, time to concentrate forces. He spoke of having Lavender educated. 'But will education spoil her, make her artificial?' he asked. Her simplicity was her great charm, he declared. 'She is like some Naiad now, and I don't want her to assume airs and graces,' and yet that is just what he wished she possessed—airs and graces. 'In some small degree,' he protested. Save for these few hesitations he was as madly in love with Lavender as a man of his enthusiastic nature could be.

Bound as he was by the society in which he lived, he yet declared that if his friends refused to receive her he could and would drop out of it all, would build a house in Norfolk and live for his love and paint as a distraction. Then it was that Lady Temple brought her forces to bear. She knew, having inner information, what we all hoped, that Bewick was the coming President of the Academy, and what a graceful and dignified President he would have made!

'But if Tom marries that Norfolk girl it will be the ruin of all his prospects,' she declared. 'She will damn him wherever he goes. His nature requires refined surroundings—it is the same with his art. Save him from himself,' was Lady Temple's constant cry, and much as I disliked her, I am not sure she was not right, for Bewick was a man whose very food had to be exquisite. There was so much of the dilettante in his temperament that he needed to surround himself with beautiful objects, 'in order,' as he told us, 'to incite me to good work.' At this moment Lavender was the goddess who controlled his brush, and controlled it in a most marvellous manner. When he produced 'Sweet Lavender, here's Flowers for you!' London went mad over it.

This success, it might be thought, would have given the lie to Lady Temple's prognostications. But she, a calculating, far-seeing woman, maintained, 'This is but a momentary passion—it can't last. And when the fires have burnt themselves out—what?'

I must say Bewick fought hard to win over many of his

friends, including myself, to his point of view. But Lady Temple had been first in the field and her arguments were indisputable. So Bewick shook the dust of London from his feet, called in a Norwich firm of builders, and started the dwelling out on the hover-ground which was to be his home and Lavender's.

One would have thought that he, being so passionately in love, would have hurried on the building operations, have married the girl, and have done with it. Not so Bewick ; he was everlastingly changing the site, pulling down what had been erected, and altering the plans. At one time he wanted an enlarged cottage with all the simplicity and beauty of the fifteenth-century—with modern conveniences added ; the next he thought of a small manor-house ; and then it was to be just a bungalow, subservient, if I can express it like that, to a studio for himself. By Lavender's persuasion this was the final choice, but it must, he insisted, have the finest thatchers to thatch it. Norfolk reed-thatching is a beautiful art—ridges, patterns, wonderful modelling, for that is what it amounts to, can be obtained.

The bungalow was at last finished, furnished, and the date of the marriage settled.

Of course Lady Temple had not failed to try her persuasions on Lavender, and several times she had journeyed to Norfolk for that purpose. But now that Lavender had allowed herself to let go the rope of prudence to which for so long she had clung, nothing that Lady Temple might say could alter her determination.

'If he desired it himself, your Ladyship, my love for him is so great that I would give him up,' she said simply. 'I pointed out all the disadvantages you spoke of before I promised, but now I have promised, and that ends the matter.'

It was useless for Lady Temple to rave and threaten, Lavender was loyal, nothing could shake her.

I suppose no one was more sublimely happy than was Bewick when building this house for Lavender. His mind anticipated the delight of having the girl as wife in his home. The wildness of the situation, the flowers, the exhilarating air, the song of the marsh birds, made him live in beautiful dreams. The place was ready, to-morrow they would be in it—wed.

Bewick painted away right up to within a few hours of his intended marriage, for only by working could he contain himself. It was in the late afternoon of the eve of that longed-for Midsummer Day that he was on the marshes busy on a big canvas of 'Mists,

Mills, and Masts,' masts of wherries stayed for wind, for there had been scarce a breath for a week.

He had crossed the river and was some two miles away from the hover-ground, out on the hard marshes looking towards Acle. The mists had grown into fog, driven in from the sea by the faintest breeze. But though the horizon was gone he was still painting the mills in the near and middle distance of his picture, and so absorbed was he in his work that it was only floating, minutest pieces of ash adhering to his paint which made him realise there must be a fire somewhere. He stood up and showers of drifting ash, so fine and light that it blew along like thistledown, puzzled him. The fog had become so thick that he could not see trees in the direction of his new house . . . or was it smoke mingling with the fog ?

As it was impossible to paint with a palette loaded with grey ash he shouldered his easel and set off home. The nearer he approached the hover-ground the thicker grew the floating débris, and now there was a choking smoke which hurt his chest. Larger pieces of burning material were falling, he stooped and picked up a waferlike piece and laid it in the palm of his hand and suddenly it dawned on him that what he held was an outer sheath of reed, hollow, like a cigarette without the tobacco. It was reed burning somewhere, a big stack, he told himself—reed, reed or thatch ? In a moment a great fear gripped him : could it be the beautiful new reed of his bungalow ? The thought quickened his feet ; he began to run, faster, faster ; the smoke now was thicker, more pungent—choking, and on the ground a pink light showed occasionally through the haze.

He came to the river and crossed it in his boat and made his way along the marsh-walls to his home. He reached the fire, or what remained of it—the bungalow a heap of smouldering ruins, a mound of hot reed ash, with little tongues of flame flickering in places. The wooden walls and all they contained of furniture, pictures, beautiful china, bric-à-brac, gone, utterly consumed. A knot of marshmen with rakes ran backwards and forwards to thrust their tools into the red-hot heaps and at once to be driven back by the heat.

They gathered round Bewick. 'Dreadful dewens, master, been a terrible job.' It was Brundish who spoke. 'My heart alive, that ha' been a proper red frost, never seed anything barn so fast afore. That wor all barnt down in half an hour.'

'But how did it happen?' asked Bewick, protecting his face with his hands from the awful heat.

'Ah!' came in several voices, 'that be a nonplus, that be. Foul play, I reckons, Master. That started in the thatch, in the eaves, and we ha got a tin that smell o' parfine. I bet that ha got something ter dew with it.'

There was a silence, a shuffling of feet, a nudge here and there, and then in an undertone a man said to Brundish, 'Dew yer tell him, bor, I ain't no parliamentarian.'

Bewick waited, expectant of a name—who could it be? He had no enemies among these honest marshmen—from the first he had endeared himself to the whole village.

'Reckon as how yer ain't heerd the worst on it, master,' Brundish blurted out. 'There on't be no weddin' for yer ter-morrow, yer pretty mawther, Lavender—'

'Good God, man, what? Speak!' shouted Bewick as the old man paused. His face was livid.

'Why, she come tearen' down from the willage—the house wor a molten blaze then—and she without a word or warnen' rushes in afore we could lay hand on her. Presently she came fightin' her way out, carryen' that there pretty gay yer did of her that wor in the Royal Acabinet, which made such a din in Lunnon City. There it be, look, agin the mesh gate yonder.'

Bewick mechanically turned his head and saw his portrait, 'Sweet Lavender,' leaning unhurt against the gate—the portrait that the Chantrey bequest had desired to buy and he had refused to sell.

'Poor mawther, she be in a pretty kelter,' droned on the old man. 'They took her up to her mother's on a huddle and the whole willage as was here ha trapsed arter her.'

Then it was that the whole of Bewick's world fell to pieces. He dropped his paintbox, turned from the group staring at him—and ran.

The crowd hung round Mrs. London's shop as he forced his way in, and he met a doctor coming down the stairs. 'You can't go up, Mr. Bewick; come, let me have a little talk with you,' and the doctor, with forced cheerfulness, told him Lavender's condition was nothing like as serious as he had anticipated. 'Her life is in no danger, I can assure you; she has some burns about the legs and arms, but it is shock mainly that she is suffering from.' But as Bewick lifted a face of gratitude he added, hesitating: 'The worst

is, one side of her face is scorched—oh, no, the sight is not injured—but—but—I am afraid she is scarred for life on the right cheek.'

Scarred! the word made Bewick feel sick. His beautiful Lavender, scarred for life! Was such a thing possible? He sank down on the horsehair sofa and covered his face with his hands.

'We have an ambulance coming and are taking her to Norwich,' went on the doctor. 'We can do more for her in Norwich hospital than here. Take my advice and don't attempt to see her till—till—to-morrow—or the next day . . .'

Lavender had been moved to Norwich and Bewick was pacing his room at the Half Moon. He had sent for Brundish. 'Tell me all you know,' he commanded.

The old man glanced suspiciously round the room. He dropped his voice to a whisper. 'I hain't said a word, Master; thought I'd better not make a din about it till I'd seed you.'

'Go on,' said Bewick.

'As I wor runnen' ter the fire I seed on the skyline, right out on the mesh-wall, a horse and rider go like hell. That horse I knowed, he be a dappled bay with black points. Not that I could swear, mind yer, for the mist wor that thick, but I knowed its gallop. That belong ter Lord Downside o' Rackheath.'

The sweat stood in beads on Bewick's forehead. Lord Downside, who was a friend of his sister's, had hired the Rackheath shootings.

'Go on,' he repeated.

'And on the horse wor a rider with a cape over her shoulders and a hat with a wing in it, I could see it ablown' in the breeze. Not as how I could swear to it, mind yer, for the horse and rider was swallowed up in the mist and were gone afore yer could look round—'

'You say you could not swear to the—the—rider?' interrupted Bewick.

'Not in no court o' law. I only seed 'em for a second, kind o' phanthom-like in the mist. I just seed a horse and cloak flyen' out and the tip of a long feather and then all wor gone.'

Bewick took hold of himself. 'Unless you are called by the police to give evidence, I shouldn't mention this,' he said. 'It's all too—as you say—phantom-like to be of any use. It may have nothing to do with it—nothing. Understand, Brundish?'

'I kind o' fashion what yer mean, master. As far as that go, I ain't at all sure as how my eyes didn't deceive me.'

'Quite so, Brundish, thanks, now you can go,' and Bewick was left with the task of piecing the damning evidence together. The cape he remembered, and the long wing in his sister's riding hat; he remembered, too, her insidious suggestion to delay the wedding till the perfect setting, worthy of the jewel he had found, should be prepared. Now that the setting was destroyed, Lady Temple could hope for further delay. She was a woman who would stick at nothing—nothing—to gain her own ends. Of the consequences to Lavender—well, what ruthless woman ever thinks of consequences . . . ?

It was days before Bewick was allowed to see Lavender, it would be months before they could be married. One side of the girl's face was still Lavender, beautiful, though lilylike in its pallor, the other had a red, sore scar, dreadful to look at.

Bewick begged and prayed, knelt at her bedside and implored her to be married by special licence then and there. Lavender shook her head.

'No, dearest,' she whispered, 'wait. Go away; come back in three months and then see.'

He refused.

But the doctors persuaded him to grant her request. Contradiction was bad for her, they told him.

He went to Rome, staggered, stricken in his nervous system. But by degrees the Italian sun put fresh heart into him and he started to paint again. He had not been in Rome two months when he received a letter from Lavender.

DEAREST (it ran),—I have made up my mind that it is best for you and for us both that we should not be married. I am well and about again, but one side of my face is hideous. It can never be better. Before this happened I had only what you called my pretty face to offer in exchange for all you were sacrificing in marrying me. I have often heard you say that beautiful things are a necessity to you. Apart from this, I have thought over what Lady Temple said to me, and I don't want to drag you down. Give me two things—a cottage for mother and me to live in, and give me my picture, Sweet Lavender.

YOUR LAVENDER.

Telegrams flew, letters, there were tussles of will with Lavender—tussles with himself. A compromise was effected—they would see what should happen later on. But Bewick knew the girl and that she had a determination difficult to shake—Bewick knew

himself. What she had written was all too true. He stayed on in Rome. For the first time the fount of life, and all the goodness with which life had so richly endowed him, ran dry, and it was then he was elected President. He flatly refused the honour. Some said he did it from pique, because of the only thing in life that had been denied him, some said he did it from despair. Mr. Brundish gave me his views—

‘He wor made the headpiece of all tother Lunnon artists, and they tells me how that there Lady Temple had been schemen’ for years as how her brother should have the office. Thousands a year, that wor, and a title. But he kind o’ put her in her place by refusen’ on it; that wor a torment to her him not taken’ it—and *he knowed it*. That wor why he wouldn’t ha’ nothing ter dew with it.’

Maybe the old man was right.

Bewick returned to England and made another attempt to fix the marriage, though the sight of Lavender’s poor scarred face made his flesh creep. But, as Brundish said, ‘the mawther would ha’ none of it.’

He bought two cottages in Upper Street and knocked them into one and gave them to Mrs. London. He made her sell her business and added a comfortable income to the money the goodwill fetched.

Then set in that long period of drift for Bewick. Yet outwardly he seemed to prosper. He returned to London and to the society which his name and talent had built round him; his work became classical, and he no longer painted landscape—picture after picture came from his brush. His work brought him a knighthood; he was the lion of art in those days.

At intervals he disappeared from London. Every three months he visited Lavender. There was no mention of marriage now; year after year, ten, fifteen, twenty years he visited her.

‘Not that there wor any breath o’ scandal,’ and Mr. Brundish emphasized the point by taking his pipe from his mouth and spitting into the pigstye against which we were leaning. ‘Not even arter Mrs. London died, but then Lavender wor forty or more. Course Lower Street, who ha’ allus drunk more bäär and used more strong talk nor we do, gave their opinion, but such things worn’t. He provided for her every mortal thing a woman could want; kind o’ pitiful I calls it that such a nice gentleman as he wor should be sarved like that. Seems to me, though, as I ha’ said afore, as ile won’t mix along o’ water. There be, as the Scriptures say,

a great gulf fixed between people like he and folk like Lavender. Can't throw a bridge or better not try, howsomever they never did. But he wor true ter death. Fare ter me if he had married her right offhandlike they'd ha' been as happy as tew dows in a cage, that be my opinion, Master Charles.'

I bowed my head in assent; I wanted Brundish to say more, and he did. 'When he died Lavender kind o' pingled on, but she might ha been a widder ter see her. Ah, well, she be gone now, poor thing. As I told yer, she made me put a drop o' parfine on her picture and barn it afore she died, and as yer seed a few days ago, the ashes were laid in her bosom and buried along o' she. Seems to me she thought that wor a bit of him and as she could not lay with him in life she would in death. That's all I know about it, master. Dang me! if that old hen ain't trapsen' of her brood ter the river again. I must hulk off arter her.'

As I said to Lonsdale, it is a frightful loss to the nation the destruction of such a great work as 'Sweet Lavender, here's Flowers for you!' But perhaps Lavender was justified. Personally I think so now—Mr. Brundish converted me.

CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

THE SALT BLOOD OF ENGLAND.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

SECOND SERIES, PART I.

NESTOR AND NEPTUNE.

THE Nestor of Elizabethan seamen, the star of first magnitude in a glittering constellation of mariners, was John Hawkins. For a whole generation in the eyes of his contemporaries he outshone all rivals. Neptune, the God of the Sea, the incomparable adventurer, was Francis Drake. Drake was always the adventurer, the upstart, the savage egotist, the seeker after gold and fame for his own ends. So he appeared to Elizabeth's statesmen and to his rivals, and so, in the working out of his destiny, he made many enemies and few friends. Hawkins, the self-less patriot, lavished the best years of his life in the service of an ungrateful mistress; he poured out his health and private fortune upon her Navy and made it, during the fifteen years which preceded 1588, the best-equipped sea force which had ever been commissioned in European waters. Then, as second in command to the Lord High Admiral, Hawkins the Organiser of Victory enjoyed the unique privilege of wielding in war the weapon which his hands had forged.

In the popular imagination of to-day, Drake has supplanted Hawkins. It is Drake's statue, not that of John Hawkins, which stands upon the Hoe at Plymouth and looks proudly out over the imperial Sound. The reversal in the fame of these two men is natural, inevitable. Genius—and Drake beyond question possessed genius—given time will always dominate talent. For genius not only wins through by virtue of its imperishable vitality; genius collects legends about its skirts which talent and devoted national service can never do. In popular imagination Drake is the heroic figure of his age. His voyage round the world, his buccaneering exploits upon the Spanish Main, most of all, perhaps, that legendary game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe—for which there is no scrap of contemporary authority—have won for Drake a popular immortality. Every English boy loves him, and the English boy is father of the English man. Among seamen, and students of the sea, Drake stands secure in fame as the first of naval

strategists, as the begetter of the naval idea from which British sea power has sprung. He was a supreme master of combined operations, the use in perfect conjunction of sea and land forces, and he has never been surpassed in the exercise of that peculiarly English maritime speciality. Drake was a genius who has become a romantic hero. Hawkins was a plain, self-forgetting, utterly devoted English mariner and gentleman. The ship of Drake's fame is always in commission, while Hawkins's poor bark rots upon the shoals of forgetfulness. Yet in 1598, three years after both Drake and Hawkins, within a few weeks of each other, had passed to their rest upon the eternal sea floor, Richard Barnfield—to whom we owe the sobriquets of Nestor and Neptune—gave us in an epitaph this contemporary appreciation of Hawkins's merits and fame :

'The waters were his Winding Sheete, the Sea was made
his Toombe ;
Yet for his fame the Ocean Sea was not Sufficient
roome.'

How many now, being handed that epitaph written in 1598, and asked to place a name upon it, would not unhesitatingly set down that of Drake ? And yet it was not Drake's epitaph ; it was the splendid tribute of contemporary love and gratitude laid before that cenotaph in the church of St. Dunstan's in the East, where old John Hawkins worshipped God during all those weary years in London which he spent as Treasurer and Controller of Elizabeth's Navy.

Of Drake also at the same time Barnfield wrote and published an epitaph. It is a cold uninspired performance. There is about it no trace of that glowing enthusiasm which shines out of every word in the tribute to Hawkins. Here it is :

'England his hart ; his Corps the waters have,
And that which raysed his fame, became his grave.'

We should not lightly overrule contemporary judgments. Those who live in the days of a great man see the man himself, know him as a human being and not as a figure in the historical pageant, are moved towards him by the sentiment of love, or are repelled by the sentiment of dislike. The judgments of contemporaries are warm and human, there is blood in them ; they are not the cold callous verdicts which we dignify as the judgments of history. There are strictly speaking no such things as judgments of history ;

we have, and can have, nothing more than the passing opinions of individual historians. Historical students toil under the burden of immense disabilities. They must endeavour to judge of a man's personality and deeds by such imperfect and incomplete record of them as may exist in documents. In the court of history there is no oral evidence, no cross-examination, no summing up by a competent and impartial judge. There is nothing but papers. No just judge would ever convict the most deeply involved prisoner upon the evidence of papers alone. Historians must tend to become not just judges, but controversialists. There is inevitably the school which blackens and the school which whitewashes. Documentary records may accumulate as research digs them out of musty recesses, but at their best they furnish no material for other than opinions. Every investigator is sure of but one thing—that some day he will be knocked flat by a paper bundle collected, tied up, and hurled at him by a later investigator in the same mortuary of documents. Our popular notions of the picturesque figures of the past have not even the support of contemporary documents as analysed by historians. They are the impressions left by forced study of school-books, and the pleasureable reading of historical romances. School-books continue in use, perhaps from motives of educational economy, for a generation or so after the views expressed in them have ceased to be credible. Historical novels are not history, and do not pretend to be history. But they are, the best of them, an invaluable stimulus to the historical imagination. Scott and Dumas and Charles Reade, and that forgotten author of our youth, Harrison Ainsworth, have excited fifty times more interest in the long pageant of history than have all the school-books which were ever written.

Drake, begotten in poverty at Crowndale, near Tavistock, started upon the race for fame very many laps behind Hawkins, the son of the wealthiest merchant and shipowner of Plymouth. William Hawkins, the father of John, was a famous mariner in the West Country before his greater and more illustrious son was born. John Hawkins entered by right of birth into an inheritance of fame. Drake was all self-made, and, his contemporaries would have declared, made badly. His genius was overlaid by repulsive defects of character, defects which the lifelong battle for his own hand intensified. The savage blood of Devon, the blood of generations of smugglers and pirates, uncontrolled by gentle culture, made of him a mad thing. Brave though he undoubtedly was, there ran

through his heart an unexplained yellow streak which, upon occasion, brought upon him the charge of poltroonery. It was not poltroonery, it was nothing but intense selfishness. Drake, when at the outset of his career he abandoned his best and oldest friend and patron, John Hawkins, at San Juan de Ulloa, did not fear for his own skin; but he conceived that the interests of Francis Drake were best served by clearing out of Hawkins's mess. When, too, years afterwards during the first night of the Armada battle he neglected the orders of his Admiral—turning aside to plunder Valdez' *Capitana*, and gravely upsetting the night disposition of the Fleet—it was Francis Drake he was concerned for and not the Queen's Service. Drake was a lone man, a self-centred man, a buccaneer turned Queen's officer, a bad subordinate though supremely great when in command himself, a savage ruffian though a very splendid seaman. Like Napoleon, whom in some qualities he resembled, Drake possessed the brain of a god and the heart of a mean man.

John Hawkins was a type of man wholly different, as much superior to Drake in the higher virtues of character as he was inferior to Drake in genius. In his sacrifice of means and comfort, even of bodily health, to the country's service, he was an Englishman of that noble type which we love to believe is inherently English. There was nothing of the *arriviste* about him. Perhaps this explains why he won the unbounded love and trust of his fellow Elizabethans. The conservative Englishman is the same man, with unchanging likes and dislikes, all through the centuries. He has an instinctive trust for the solid and established, and as instinctive a distrust of the unsolid and unestablished. He shies like a timid horse at genius. The Englishman of three hundred years ago felt that the wealthy merchant and hereditary sailor Hawkins was a sound dependable fellow, while no one knew what the brilliant upstart Drake would be at. So, as a national investment, he put his money on Hawkins. In English history one may always safely assume that our ancestors thought and felt, hundreds of years ago, exactly as we ourselves think and feel to-day.

John Hawkins, who was thirteen years older than Francis Drake, was the second son of William Hawkins, merchant and mariner of Plymouth, and of Joan his wife, heiress of the proud Cornish family of Trelawney of Brightorre. William Hawkins, twice Mayor of Plymouth, was what is now termed a merchant prince; he bought the manor of Sutton Valletort upon which a

large part of old Plymouth is built; his docks and warehouses stretched round Sutton Pool, the original harbour of Plymouth. Though himself one of the new Tudor rich, his family was ancient. His forebears migrated from Nash Court in Kent to the West Country, early in the fifteenth century. In those days of inconsistent spelling they always wrote their name in its original form of Hawkyns. It was no mesalliance for even a Trelawney to marry a Hawkyns. I offer these details to show that John Hawkins on both sides of the house belonged to what we should now call old county families. He was by birth, as by upbringing, as fine a West Country gentleman as Walter Raleigh, or Richard Grenville himself. In the isolated towns and counties of three hundred years ago, unbridged by steam and electricity, there was no standard English speech among educated men. Unsmoothed by public schools and universities, men spoke with the tongues of their homes. Hawkins's tongue was rich and broad and racy—pure unspoiled Saxon of old Devon—just as was the tongue of the polished Raleigh.

The middle sixteenth century was a period of great social upset in England. The 'surrender' to the Crown of the Church estates—one third of the best land in all England—and the parcelling of it out among friends of the Crown had brought into being a huge crop of newly rich landowners. The expansion of trade had simultaneously in the towns brought into being an almost equally huge crop of newly rich merchants. Little remained of the Anglo-Norman aristocracy after the wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the county families remained, and astutely linking up the new with the old made money in trade, bought or obtained grants of land, and established themselves firmly upon the ruins of the old feudal order. John Hawkins was in his own person a representative of two of these refreshed county families. He was a modern among moderns and an ancient among ancients.

In his early youth John Hawkins made many voyages, for voyaging ran in his blood. His father had sailed upon three expeditions to far-off Brazil before he was born, and he was reared in the atmosphere of maritime adventure. But he was thirty before he enters into history, and then in a manner which has indelibly impressed the one deep black blot on his fame. Though he was not in fact the first Englishman to take part in the West African slave trade, yet he undoubtedly set the fashion of that trade in England. John Lok—with whom Frobisher quarrelled as fiercely as he did with Drake—shipped a cargo of slaves to the West Indies

some nine years earlier. The Spaniards and Portuguese had, of course, trafficked in slaves for years and had done it openly under royal licence. But though Hawkins was not in fact the pioneer Englishman to participate in the miserable slave-trade, he committed the crime of making it respectable. One cannot suppose that English men and women, in whose sixteenth-century eyes the black man was of a race accursed by God, would have refrained through any present-day notions of humanity from taking part in a profitable trade. The West Country was much too pious, just as in later years Puritan New England was much too pious, to set at naught the divine curse laid upon Ham. Had Hawkins never sailed to Sierra Leone in 1562 and shipped thence 300 items of black merchandise to San Domingo there would, beyond a shadow of doubt, have been other English slave-traders. Yet, in spite of all this, and in spite of the injustice wrought by judging men by standards of humanity reached in subsequent centuries, one still feels that slave-dealing by John Hawkins is different from slave-dealing by baser men. It is because John Hawkins the Admiral and Naval Organiser was so great and good a man that we are ashamed of John Hawkins the Slave-dealer. We feel this although we know that in the eyes of his contemporaries John Hawkins the Slave-dealer gained honour as one who had opened up a new and profitable trade for England.

The fame of John Hawkins, that fame for which the Ocean Sea in 1598 had not sufficient room, would shine now with different lustre were it not for that black spot of 1562. The black fungus has spread and the whiteness of his character has shrunk before its advance. We have forgotten Hawkins because we are rather ashamed of him, just as in our history books we choose to forget all events of which we come to be ashamed. Our heroes always have with us what the insurance offices call 'select lives.' Drake, his faults ignored, stands upon Plymouth Hoe; Drake, who began as Hawkins's 'unfaithful servant,' and who on their terrible last voyage together hounded old Hawkins to death with savage contumely. Walter Raleigh, who in Ireland cultivated Hawkins's potatoes, and who in public smoked Hawkins's tobacco, lives as the national benefactor at second-hand. Who troubles now to remember that Hawkins first brought potatoes from Santa Fé, and tobacco, that gift of the high gods, from Florida? William Shakespeare, who as like as not met the famed Admiral at Court, and sat at his feet in Deptford taverns, could never have suspected

that the lines which Mark Antony spoke over Caesar's corpse would come to be applicable *literatim* to Hawkins, the Nestor of Elizabeth's seamen: 'The evil which men do lives after them; The good is oft interréd with their bones.'

Nestor and Neptune first appear together on the bright stage in 1567, three hundred and fifty years ago. John Hawkins at the age of 35 was already a famous seaman. He was big enough to be in command of a squadron of six ships, of which two belonged to the Queen's Navy. He bore Her Majesty's temporary commission as Admiral. Francis Drake, a youth of 22, who already owed much to the kind heart of his distant kinsman Hawkins, was in charge of the small bark *Judith*. This was the expedition which came to wreck at San Juan de Ulloa, Hawkins's famous disaster, by which he lost his whole squadron except Her Majesty's *Minion*, in which he made his own escape, and the *Judith* in which Francis Drake bolted. When, in the confined space of the Mexican harbour, strong Spanish forces fell treacherously upon the unprepared English ships we cannot blame young Drake for scrambling out as best he might. His little ship was of no more than fifty tons, she had no chance of survival in a close press of bigger vessels; Drake, who was responsible to Hawkins for her safety, was right to sheer off and gain sea room outside the port. Hawkins after a tremendous struggle extricated himself and as many men as he could save in the sorely damaged *Minion*. Drake's unforgettable fault was in not lying off in the *Judith* to render survivors from the disaster such help as was within his power. What Drake did was, in the words of the contemporary lament, to forsake his companions in their great misery. It was an act of desertion which in crabbed selfish age would have been scurvy; in Drake, at 22, in the prime of generous youth, towards his benefactor Hawkins, it was damnable. What makes his conduct worse is that it was typical of the man.

Hawkins and some few survivors of the disaster got home to England in the *Minion*, and were all the while ignorant of the whereabouts of Drake's *Judith*. On the way they suffered from every sea horror by which it was possible to suffer in those days—famine, thirst, storms, disease. Drake, had he not forsaken them in their great distress, might have saved them from much, if not from all. John Hawkins, that gallant gentleman, in his official report of the disaster never once mentions Drake's name. Since he could say nothing that was good of his young kinsman, he would speak no evil. At the inquiry in the Admiralty Court, Drake was

not called to give evidence. A less generous man than Hawkins would have insisted upon his being called. A more generous man than Drake would have insisted upon being called. Hawkins threw over his young subordinate a mantle of protection and Drake permitted himself to take shelter under it. It is an ugly story, as ugly, though of a different pattern of ugliness, as the judicial murder of Doughty by Drake ten years afterwards in St. Julien's Bay. I shall have occasion in these articles to write of Francis Drake at his best, and Drake at his best, as a seaman, is incomparable. It is in character and not in accomplishments that he compares so ill with Hawkins.

At this point in their careers the paths of Hawkins and Drake diverge, and do not come together until near the end. Hawkins gave up the sea for the task, which he alone was fully competent to execute, of reorganising and rebuilding the Queen's Navy. Drake began that series of sea exploits which culminated in his voyage round the world. But before Hawkins settled down as Treasurer and Controller of the Navy, and wore out his life in the Queen's hard service, he indulged himself in that fantastic diplomatic comedy with the King of Spain which grotesquely illuminates the international moral standards of the sixteenth century. It is easier for us to comprehend the anomalies of the time when seamen were at once private adventurers and holders of the Queen's commission if we bear in mind that 'Admiral' was an office and not a rank. When a commander went to sea with the Queen's ships or on the Queen's service, he was granted a temporary commission as Admiral; as soon as the office had been discharged the commission lapsed. From 1300, when the office first appears in our English records, until nearly a century after Elizabeth had passed to her grave there was no permanent rank of Admiral in the Royal service. There was nothing inconsistent with the custom which had grown up through the centuries for Hawkins the merchant-adventurer, or for Drake the freebooter, to become temporary Admirals. The system of appointing 'great men' to the command of fleets still continued, and was still to continue right through the seventeenth century. But England was gradually learning that the professional seaman must be linked in command with the unprofessional 'great man,' and that the development of the gun had made of the ship a technical fighting unit. It was no longer a mobile platform by means of which navigators brought companies of soldiers into fighting contact with one another. The unpro-

fessional 'great man' did not wholly disappear until the professional seaman had advanced in social consequence up to the point when he could enforce obedience upon the 'gentlemen' who served with him. It took a long time to reconcile the blue-blooded officer or volunteer to submit cheerfully to the orders of the simple untitled seaman. In England, the most unchanging of all countries, we solved the social conflict between titular rank and personal rank by elevating our successful Admirals into knights, baronets, and nobles. And thus has been preserved to this day the 'great man' theory of sea command, though with this wide difference, that the title of personal fitness for command now precedes the title of nobility.

Now we come to that diplomatic comedy in the life of John Hawkins which reveals him and his accomplices on the Queen's Council as choice humorists and King Philip of Spain as the dullest of dull dogs. The disaster of San Juan de Ulloa had left a hundred English seamen in the hands of the Spaniards, and Hawkins intensely felt his responsibility for their fate. He resolved, with the support and connivance of Burleigh, to offer a tremendous, though pretended, price for their release. This was no less than that he, the famous and dreaded 'Achines de Plimua,' should sell himself and sixteen of the Queen's ships into the service of Spain! That Philip should have believed in the possibility of treason upon so handsome a scale seems to us incredible. Yet he did, and was on fire to clinch the superb bargain. The negotiations were first conducted between Hawkins and the Spanish Ambassador, and afterwards between an emissary of Hawkins and the Spanish Court. As soon as the big Spanish fish had greedily snapped at Hawkins's gaudy bait the West Country merchant began to appear in all his glory as a commercial higgler. Hawkins demanded large sums for himself, and further sums for the equipment of those of Her Majesty's ships which were to grace King Philip's Navy. In a moment of Puritan inspiration he dragged in Mary Queen of Scots, and offered Philip a Catholic Sovereign for England in the room of the heretic Elizabeth. Philip danced with joy, never had so dazzling a traitor as John Hawkins played with a fish so simple. Then Hawkins, always with the active help of Burleigh—how the two humbugs must have nudged each other's ribs and laughed in private—deluded the Queen of Scots into furnishing credentials of Hawkins's good faith, and upon the evidence of this convincing document began to collect payment in advance. Philip released

the prisoners of San Juan de Ulloa and gave ten dollars to each man, he granted Hawkins a 'full pardon' for his past offences, and made him a grandee of the Spain which he had harried. The Spanish Ambassador handed over two months' pay for the sailors of the sixteen English ships, and all was ready for the consummation of the treason—except Hawkins and the ships. But the game had now been played. Hawkins had recovered all his sailors except those who had perished or were in remote unknown captivity, he had procured a pleasant sum in Spanish money which was appropriated to English defence works, he had learned much of the high-flown futile Spanish plans against the safety of England. So the comedy was called off and the curtain rung down. Just at the moment when Philip was reckoning Achines as among the newest and greatest of his subjects, Hawkins was elected Member of Parliament for Plymouth. This was in 1571.

In 1573, at the age of forty-one, John Hawkins, then and for more than twenty years afterwards the most trusted seaman of his generation, became Treasurer and Controller of the Queen's Navy. These offices could no longer be left to the respectable mediocrities by whom they had previously been filled. The Spanish Power over-shadowed the earth and England's one hope of safety lay in preserving and increasing the strength and efficiency of her regular Navy. It was Hawkins's Navy, and not a vast scratch collection of armed merchant ships, which held the English Seas against Philip of Spain. The peril to our country then resembled that by which it was faced in our own time. Then as now the greatest military power of Europe saw fit to challenge us upon our own chosen element, and then as now we met the challenge in the one way in which it could be met. We built and equipped a fighting sea force which proved equal to the task assigned to it. But then as now England came to the very edge of ruin.

John Hawkins was all the modern Sea Lords rolled into one, and was besides the civilian head of the naval service. He was responsible for design, for building, for guns, for manning, for stores, for harbour works, and for pay. He had doled out to him by the most parsimonious of Sovereigns a thin trickle of money, of which he was required to render the most exacting of accounts. Those were not days of scientific accountancy and of myriads of skilled clerks. Hawkins was just one lone man who happily combined an hereditary skill in business detail with an hereditary intimacy with maritime technique. He made Elizabeth's grudging

supplies of money go farther than any money deserved to go, and he filled in the gaps left by the Royal penury by drawing upon his own private resources. He was the cheapest servant that even Elizabeth ever gained. One does not gather that he drew for himself one penny of Royal pay, and when his accounts were squared after twenty years of office he was nearly ten thousand pounds out of pocket. And be it remembered that ten thousand pounds then represented more than one hundred thousand pounds do now. He had frightful trouble with his accounts, which is scarcely surprising, and the Queen, who never made any payment for which she could evade liability, cleared a handsome profit out of him. It was a less showy, though we can believe a not less gratifying, profit than that which she made out of her partnership in Drake's raids. The wonder, the miracle, of Elizabeth's personality is how so thoroughly obnoxious a woman should for fifty years have come to be so loyally and devotedly served. There is no Sovereign in our history who has achieved a greater glory and has deserved glory so little. She was borne aloft scratching and kicking in the strong hands of the greatest statesmen and sailors in our history and is illuminated for ever by the fame which was theirs not hers. Her brain was keen and cold as a razor, and when not blinded by perverse passion she had an infallible eye for masculine merit. She knew men and used men, and almost always picked out the right man for the really critical jobs. When she plucked Hawkins out of Plymouth and set him down in Deptford as the devoted Pooh Bah of the Navy Elizabeth made no mistake. She got the right man and she got him cheap.

Men will work for women, even for ungracious women like Elizabeth, harder and more devotedly than they will work for men. The Elizabethans fashioned their Queen into a goddess out of the material of their honest imaginations, and bowing down, worshipped the idol that they had made. The Queen, who well understood the State value of flattery, hailed Hawkins as 'the fittest person in all her dominions to manage her naval affairs,' and he, perhaps conscious that flattery was no more than the truth, built and equipped her ships exactly as if he were fitting out a fleet for a service on which his own life and his own fortune would be staked. For fifteen years, from 1573 to the Armada of 1588, he ate and drank and slept amid ships. He lived ships. And when the great test came, every timber and bolt and rope and spar was perfect of its kind and adequate to its purpose. In strength of material

and in equipment no such fleet had before been seen in English waters. Everything was complete—except provisions and gunnery stores. These were Elizabeth's business, and Elizabeth begrudged the money to buy them. She had the ships, she had the men, and she had the money too—but since she hated to spend money she kept her sailors short of food, and she kept her gunners short of powder and shot.

During the greater part of the time spent by John Hawkins as Treasurer and Controller of the Navy he was a sick man. Writing in 1581 he says: 'My sickness doth continually abide with me, and every second day I have a fit.' Though he recovered somewhat from this distressing condition there were constant relapses, and five years later, when the Spanish menace oppressed the thoughts of all Englishmen, this administrator upon whom the fate of England largely rested was being stricken by a 'fit' every day. Ports and ships in those days were terribly insanitary; scurvy, sea fever (typhus), and the dreaded plague itself were always lurking ready to burst out. At this comfortable distance of time we are apt to think of Elizabethan seamen as robust and tough as their own oaken timbers. In fact, they were frail sickly men. The sailor of to-day is probably inches taller, stones heavier, and incomparably healthier than the strongest and hardiest of his Elizabethan forebears. He certainly measures far more round the waist. The variegated poisons of disease were an ever-present peril, far more to be dreaded than the most savage efforts of a human enemy. At the age of fifty Hawkins was already an old man, an old worn-out man, just as Drake in his turn at the same age was old and worn out. The wonder for us now is that Hawkins managed to keep life in his body for sixty-three years, seeing that for twenty years before his death his days and nights had been passed in one long struggle against sickness.

The best evidence of the quality of Hawkins's work for the Navy is the soundness of the Queen's ships which he turned out to fight the Armada. He improved the design of the war galleon, lengthening the keel and cutting down the leewardly top-hamper on the fore- and after-castles. He was a believer in the fast handy sized ship of some 500 to 800 tons, and shared the dislike of practical seamen for the big ship of 1000 tons and upwards. The *Triumph* and the *White Bear*, of 1000 to 1100 tons, which figure at the top of the English lists in 1588 were then more than twenty years old, and were not repeated. Hawkins's contributions to the Navy

were the smaller and more efficient *Ark Royal*, *Elizabeth Bonaventure*, *Rainbow*, *Revenge*, and *Vanguard*, vessels about whose yards history thickly clusters. In them we see the line-of-battle ship of the eighteenth century beginning to evolve out of the sixteenth-century galleon. Hawkins improved the conditions of the men as he improved the lines of the ships. He raised the rates of pay, seeking to attract to the Queen's regular service better and more capable mariners, and he would have fed the men better too, could Elizabeth have been persuaded to pay for better food, and to have hanged a few of the speculators who 'profiteered' in ships' stores. The unchanging commercial Englishman has always been a profiteer in the days of his country's need.

While Nestor was building and equipping the fleet upon which the fate of England was destined to rest, Neptune had been mounting the ladder of personal fame. Supported and partly financed by the Queen, Drake had become the most terrible harrow of Spaniards. Being one of the clearest-sighted naval strategists who has ever lived he scorned passive defence. As the Spanish danger thickened he urged upon the Queen's advisers the sound policy of attacking the Spaniards before they could concentrate their resources. He perceived that the key to Philip's strength lay in the Indies, and his famous expedition of 1585-6 to San Domingo and Cartagena was designed to steal that key. An outbreak of pestilent fever, of which the germs are believed to have been picked up in the Cape de Verde Islands on the outward journey, robbed the voyage of full success. The projected assault upon the treasure of Panama had to be abandoned. About a quarter of Drake's whole complement of 2300 men died from this epidemic fever. Again in 1587 Drake carried through that assault upon the Spanish plans of concentration—known as the Expedition to Cadiz—which constitutes his chief title to professional fame. It was an exploit which profoundly influenced naval strategy and tactics, and which must be treated in detail in a subsequent article. In it we see Drake at his best, and we see also that disease was always the most deadly foe with which a sixteenth-century squadron was compelled to give battle. The struggle against disease was a conflict, too, in which the eyes of sea captains were blinded and their hands tied, and in which the medical profession of the day was a hindrance rather than a help.

And so we come to 1588. There is no year in history concerning which more persistent illusions are cherished. The defeat of the Armada was, in the popular conception of to-day, the culmination

and end of the Spanish peril; actually it was no more than the successful beginning of a ten years' conflict, during which England more than once looked over the dizzy brink of ruin. The defeat of the Armada is popularly regarded as the work of the swept-up volunteer fleet of merchant vessels, and especially of Francis Drake, the Vice-Admiral in command of the volunteers. Actually the Spanish Armada was fought and beaten by the Queen's Regular Navy of thirty-four ships, of which John Hawkins was Admiral as well as chief technical adviser to Lord Howard, and the forgotten Martin Frobisher was Vice-Admiral. The volunteer ships did little more than to make a brave show, though their commander Drake, in the Queen's ship *Revenge*, played his full part as an individual fighter. Many of the Queen's ships were small craft, and the heavy burden of active operations against the Spaniards was borne by less than a dozen of them—Lord Howard of Effingham's *Ark Royal*, Hawkins's *Victory*, Frobisher's *Triumph*, Lord Edmund Sheffield's *Bear*, Robert Southwell's *Elizabeth Jonas*, Edward Fenton's *Mary Rose*, Thomas Fenner's *Nonpareil*, Lord Thomas Howard's *Golden Lion*, and Cumberland's *Elizabeth Bonaventure*. Then in the Narrow Seas Lord Henry Seymour's *Rainbow* and William Winter's *Vanguard* joined the fighting fleet. We may not condemn Drake's plunder of the *Capitana* as savagely as did Frobisher—who was chiefly concerned lest he should lose a share in the treasure—but it is difficult to see eye to eye with the Drake worshippers who paint the Armada fights as revolving round Drake, the chief performer. His squadron, as a squadron, scarcely came into action at all, and his work as a ship captain was no more distinguished than that of half a dozen rivals for fame. We may long hunt the Armada tapestries in vain for a sight of Drake's commemorative medallion, and at last be pained, perhaps, to find his visage hidden away in an obscure corner of one of the most crowded of them. I am afraid that Drake's Elizabethan contemporaries would use very stout Elizabethan language could they now see Drake's statue standing all by itself on Plymouth Hoe. Historians have conspired as heartily to glorify Drake as the statesmen and poets and sailors of the Elizabethan Age conspired in their day to glorify their most unpleasant mistress.

I would put up an Armada Memorial to the true victors in the great fight—the humble neglected starving ragged fainting seamen. With empty bellies and with rags scarcely covering their nakedness, they braved everything and endured everything. All through

July six men had to put up with rations for four, and when they sought to console their resentful stomachs with beer, they died of dysentery. The food was scanty and bad, the beer was poisonous. When Lord Howard ordered wine and arrowroot to be issued to the sick the glorious Queen charged the cost of them to the Admiral's private purse. Provisions were dribbled out all through the campaign as if to demand such a superfluity as food were the height of unreason. A month's supply in June was of necessity made to last for seven weeks, and then a consignment for three days was spread over eight. The sailors sickened in heaps of easily preventible maladies; they were thrust ashore by boatloads and died on the cobble-stones of unfriendly streets. Of course they were not paid their miserable wages, and it did not occur to anyone that the survivors were deserving of prize-money. For every English sailor killed by the enemy Elizabeth and her gang of profiteers slaughtered scores. Yes, the sailormen who defeated the Armada of Spain deserve a very large and noble memorial upon which they should be depicted as they were—starving, ragged, dying, yet indomitable.

Nestor and Neptune, though in character wide apart as the Poles, came together in common sympathy with the despised and neglected sailorman. Both had lived with him in the close confinement of small ships, they knew his sterling worth and loved him. At a time when the Crown and the statesmen employed by the Crown left their sailors to die untended, Hawkins and Drake, two private citizens, founded the Chest of Chatham, for the perpetual relief of those who were maimed in the service of their country. That Chest of Chatham was afterwards incorporated in Greenwich Hospital. In addition to this joint undertaking with Drake, John Hawkins, at his own private charges, established a hospital in Chatham for decayed mariners and shipwrights.

Hawkins and Drake drew together towards the end when both were broken men. Hawkins, though he was nearing what was then the advanced age of sixty-three, seems to have recovered from his long illness, and to feel the sea calling him once more to its wild bosom. Drake, though little more than fifty, was a sick and sorry man. His great combined expedition to Lisbon had collapsed in utter failure—good in conception, bad in execution, with disease waiting upon opportunity. He had toppled off the summit of Cadiz fame into disgrace, and, like Hawkins, heard the insistent summons from the West of his youth. And so for the first time since the desertion of San Juan de Ulloa, the two

famous captains set sail together. This was in 1595. Hawkins bore the greater part of the cost, and one realises how wealthy a man he was when we find him, after the losses of his official naval administration, and the expenses of his charitable foundations, able to put down the present-day equivalent of two hundred thousand pounds to equip an overseas expedition. Drake paid about two thirds of this sum ; he also was a man of wealth, won from the Spaniard. It was a melancholy business. Drake, always a man of savage temper, and now soured by disappointment, nagged old Hawkins to his death. Either, alone, might have made a success of the venture ; the two together formed an impossible combination. Nestor sank under the fire of perpetual reproaches from his colleague and died at Porto Rico in November. Neptune's hard heart seems then to have softened. He recalled what he owed to this old friend and patron whom he had hounded to his sea grave. His mind, distressed at the recollection, weakened his body's power of resistance to the seeds of disease which every ship then bore within her frame. He also sickened, and a few weeks later at Nombre de Dios, the scene of one of his early exploits, he followed Hawkins to the floor of that sea which both had loved so well. They were two of the greatest men of their great age. If devotion to the interests of one's country be the highest of human attributes, then, I think, that to Nestor belongs the fame for which the Ocean Sea has not sufficient room. If individual genius and not personal character be the more highly regarded, then Neptune must reign upon a solitary eminence. The world, from whose judgment there is no appeal, has decided ; it has exalted Neptune upon a pedestal, and remembered nothing about Nestor except his unhappy traffic in slaves.

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